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PAVEMENT OF WHALES' BONES.

A Queer Pavement.

IT IS MADE OF THE BONES OF WHALES, AND LEADS TO A CHURCH.

One of the oldest, quaintest and most interesting towns in California is Monterey. In the days 'before the gringo came,' while Alta California still formed part of Mexico, Monterey was its capital city. Many buildings still remain that are eloquent of those times. For a long period Monterey Bay afforded fishing ground for a considerable number of whalers. Monterey Bay still provides sport and profit for many fishermen, but is no longer the habitat of any great number of whales.

A curious memento of the whaling industry remains, however, in the pavement leading up from the street to the west door of the church of San Carlos de Borromeo. This is one of the churches founded by the Spanish missionary fathers, and is still in excellent repair. The priests live in a house adjacent to the church, and services are held regularly.

The round, mushroomlike objects in the pavement are the vertebrae of the great mammals. The pavement is in good condition and seems to wear well. Hundreds of persons walk on it without ever knowing of what it is made. The pavement is probably unique, at any rate in this country.

Another memento of the early days of Monterey is a wooden cross erected on the spot where Father Junipero Serra, the most notable of the Spanish missionaries to the California Indians, landed on June 3, 1770, on the banks of a creek, now nearly dry, and near a tree now almost dead. The wooden cross is not very old, but has been placed on the spot by the Landmarks Society, the function of which, as its name implies, is to preserve buildings connected with the history of California, and to cultivate interest in historical places and people.

The strange circumstance about the memorial is that the inscription on the plate beneath the arms of the cross contains a ludicrous mis-spelling of the name of the man whose memory it is designed to honor. The name of Father Junipero Serra, which is mentioned in every history of California and should be familiar to every child educated in the public school of the State, is spelled 'Fumpero'—and this, too, in a town intimately connected with him and his noble work, and comprising among its inhabitants a large number of persons of Spanish origin.—The New York 'Tribune.'

The Ministers' Resignation.

The minister had written his resignation, and had made up his mind to read it the next Sunday. He was very much discouraged. For a long time affairs in the church had gone all wrong, it seemed to him. He was satisfied with the town and on good terms with the citizens. His church was an average church for intelligence and spirituality. He had been the pastor for several years, and was attached in many ways to his people. And yet that Monday morning he had gone up into his study and written out his resignation, and he fully meant to read it the following Sunday.

After writing his resignation, the minister took it downstairs and read it over to his wife, and then they talked it over, as indeed, they had already done, for the minister knew too much to do anything so important as that without asking his wife if he might.

'It is a very serious step to take, John,' said his wife, after he had read the resignation and changed a phrase or two in it.

'I know it,' replied the minister. 'But I cannot stand it any longer. I am discouraged. I cannot get the people out to the Thursday evening meetings, and the Sunday night services are a perfect failure and my salary is about a month behind all the time, and the trustees are careless as to the way the church is cared for (remember the broken walk in front of the chapel), and altogether it seems to me I had better go away. I have been here now several years, and perhaps the people are growing tired of me.'

'It seems too bad,' said the minister's wife soberly. 'I am sure the people like you. And just think of the attachments we have formed. This has been our home so long. And think of the number of people you have baptized and married and buried since we have been here.'

'I know. But I feel discouraged. The people say they love me and love Christ. Yet take a matter like the week day meeting—how few attend! Even when I write the men of the church a personal letter inviting them to come, they don't come, and they never think of answering my letter. Then take the matter of the salary. You know we've been owing that grocery bill at Jones's for over a month, and we can't pay it because the church is six weeks behind.'

'You're tired, and not yourself now, John,' said his wife.

'If I'm tired I'm myself, and no one else. Well,' continued the minister, after a pause, 'the resignation is going before the church next Sunday. That's settled.'

'Some other church might be as hard to get along with as this one, John,' said his wife, with a sigh.

'I don't believe it' replied the minister, as he went back up to his study.

It was very evident that the minister was out of sorts and thoroughly discouraged. And yet he was more than an average preacher, a devout preacher, and his whole heart was in his Master's work. His church loved him, was proud of his preaching, and had not the remotest idea that he was about to present his resignation.

It happened that the Sunday evening before the Monday on which the minister had written his resignation, the president of the Christion Endeavor Society of the church had asked the chairmen of the different committees to come to his house for a special conference. The president was a young man of thoughtful habits. The minister had baptized him in the church, and he had grown up to know and love his pastor because he saw what kind of work he had done. There were five committees in the society. The chairmen were all present at the call of the president.

'I call this special meeting,' said the president, 'because I believe the society ought to have another committee; not a committee appointed by the society or by the executive committee, but purely voluntary, and, in a certain way which I will explain, doing its work independent of the society.'

The chairmen looked surprised, but waited expectantly for the president to explain. He continued:—

'Have you noticed how tired and discouraged the minister has appeared lately? I noticed it specially last Thursday night at the prayer meeting, and last night after service. And, by the way, there were only half a dozen of our society at the Thursday night meeting, and more than half of them went away before the Sunday evening service. But what I have noticed lately is the discouraged appearance of the pastor. He needs help. And I propose that we six, you chairmen of the committees and myself, form a voluntary committee to be known as the "Pastor's Commit-

tee," our duties to be to do what we can to help him in ways that will suggest themselves to us as we go on.'

'Why,' said one of the chairmen, 'isn't the whole society supposed to do what it can for the church and the pastor?'

'Yes,' replied the president, with a faint smile. 'It's supposed to, and it ought to, but does it? That's the question. Now it seems to me it would be a good idea to have a special committee of this sort that is purely voluntary, is not obliged to make any report, and is not known to anyone but ourselves. Don't let us go and tell the society or our pastor that we have formed such a committee, but let us surprise him in coming to his help in ways that we know can encourage him. Let us have one committee in the society that is not down in the programme but hard at work just the same. It will do us good to do some good this way. I believe our pastor needs special encouragement just now. There was something in his manner last night after service that made me feel sorry and ask myself if there wasn't something we could do between now and next Sunday to prove the value of a new committee of this kind, to be known as the "Pastor's Committee" among ourselves,—our own secret for his surprise and help. What do you say?'

They talked it over together, and when the president said good-night, after a two hours' conference with the chairmen, the 'Pastor's Committee' was enthusiastically organized for business.

It was Tuesday morning that the minister's bell rang while he was busy working at what he intended to be a sermon calling to task the church for its coldness and lack of enthusiasm, after which he expected to read his resignation. His wife answered the door. Presently he heard a voice say: 'I shall be glad to do that copying for him. I called purposely to see if I could not be of service. I know how busy he is, and won't disturb him. But won't you ask him to send it down by one of the boys? Or, no, I'll call for it on my way back. Good-by.'

The minister's wife came upstairs and said that the president of the Endeavor Society had called and volunteered to do some copying of necessary reports which the minister had to send out every year and which cost considerable time and care to do neatly and correctly.

It was the first time anyone had volunteered any work in the church for a long time. The minister felt strangely moved by it. The next sentence he wrote to his sermon had a far pleasanter expression to it. Still he worte on, that day and the next, and finished, Thursday noon, with the same thought with which he started—that the church needed to be roused to a sense of her privileges and responsibilities. And all the time the resignation lay in the drawer of the desk near by.

Thursday night, to his surprise, quite a large number of the young people were out, and six of them took an active part. They also came up after the meeting and shook hands with him heartily, thanking him for his helpful remarks. The minister felt a little guilty as he stood up there talking with the young people and thinking of the resignation. But his eyes moistened, and as he walked home he agreed with his wife that they had not had so good a meeting for a long time.

When Sunday morning came, however, the minister put his resignation in his pocket and started for church. He had for a long time been in the habit of greeting his people with handshakes as he came in to walk down the aisle to the pulpit. For some time, however, it seemed to him that the effort was very one-sided.

This morning he was taken by surprise when he was met at the door by three or four young people, who greeted him heartily and said they had been praying for the morning service, and hoped it would prove a great blessing to the whole church. Again that moistening of his eyes made the minister's sight a little dim as he walked down the aisle into the pulpit and opened the well-worn Bible, looking over it to his people, so many of whom he had learned to love so well. His eyes were not so dim, when he finally sat down to listen to the opening anthem by the choir, that he could not see a pretty bouquet of roses on the little stand, with a note written, lying near by. The note read:—

'From some of the young people. May God bless the morning service.'

Somehow when the minister came to his morning sermon that day he did not seem to feel very easy. The people wondered a little at his manner. Several times he seemed to turn over two or three leaves at once. It was a shorter sermon than usual. When he reached the end he paused a moment curiously, then gave out the last hymn and sat down. His closing prayer was very tender and brought tears to several eyes. When the minister reached home after the service he took out his resignation and laid it on the table.

'Why didn't you read it, John?' his wife asked. She had never known him to change his mind before. He was a very determined man in general.

'Well,' replied the minister, 'I thought that I would wait until next Sunday. I didn't feel just like it to-day. Somehow I don't know but the people are more thoughtless than anything else.' He took the resignation upstairs and put it into a drawer of his desk.

The next Sunday he did not take the resignation to church. He did not exactly forget it, but somehow he did not take it. During the week, to his great surprise, one of the trustees had called and with an apology had brought a cheque for the long due salary, and said he hoped the church would be more business-like and prompt hereafter. Just how this had been brought about was the secret of the 'Pastor's Committee,' and you may be sure I shall not reveal it, especially as it is a true secret, and if I told it, you might know who this minister was. But it seemed to the minister that suddenly his church was beginning to theat him as it did when he came to it years before, a single young man, and all the young people in the congregation thought there was no one like 'our minister.' He found a new interest in his prayer-meetings and Sunday-night services. Members began to volunteer to do church work. Young members called at the parsonage to know if he couldn't give them something to do. In short, his church seemed very dear to him and his work very encouraging; so much so, that after six more months, coming across his resignation as he was hunting for some papers in that drawer, he stared at it almost as if it was the handwriting of someone else.

It was winter time, and there was an open fire burning in the minister's study. He laid the resignation on the coals and it was warmly received and vanished up the chimney. The 'Pastor's Committee' had done its work well. They had never heard of the resignation. But on the other hand he has never heard of such a committee. And that is the reason why the minister did not resign.—C. M. Sheldon, in 'Young People's Weekly.'

[For the 'Messenger.'

Victorian India Orphan Society.

About one hundred children are at present being cared for in the orphanage at Dhar, Central India, maintained by the Victorian India Orphan Society (undenominational). Fifty-five of these are supported by individual donors or societies, about half in the city of Winnipeg, and the rest from various places throughout Canada, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia.

Reports from India are most encouraging. Some considerable time ago, the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, and his staff, closely inspected the Orphanage, and were deeply interested in the work; the Maharajah of Baroda, one of the most important and most enlightened native princes, was equally impressed, and just recently the Native Secretary of Dhar State asked permission to see it, and wrote immediately afterwards, expressing his great appreciation of the good work he saw being done there. Besides their words of approval, all these gave practical demonstration of their interest. Thus, besides the untold benefit to the children themselves, the establishment of such a Christian work, contrasting so forcibly with the heathen darkness around it, is an object lesson to all the country round.

Recently five of the older girls passed the junior teacher's examination, and some of the older boys are assisting in the services held in the villages, so soon it is hoped there will be a band of native Christian workers who owe their training to the faithful, loving work done in this Orphanage.

A letter from one of the workers, Dr. Margaret O'Hara, says:—

'There were twenty-nine of the girls baptized last Sabbath. It was a most impressive service. Dr. Russell preached a sermon on "Baptism," and afterwards the girls came forward. It is a great joy to see them take a public stand for Christ. I really think they are Jesus' own little lambs. There was one girl especially who resisted for a long time; she felt that she ought to yield, yet did not want to do so. She seems very happy since taking that step.'

The Secretary-Treasurer of the Society, Mrs. A. S. Crichton, 142 Langside Street, Winnipeg, sends the following acknowledgment, with thanks, of contributions received from readers of the 'Northern Messenger' since May 15, 1903, and explains that an extended stay abroad prevented a list being sent last year:—Mrs. M. Henderson, $3; Mr. R. Farquharson, $15; Mrs. Milton E. Barrett, $2; Mrs. C. V. Morris, $35; Sidney Pres. Sunday-school, $47.75; Mrs. J. T. McElrea, $2; Miss A. E. Ballentine, $37; La Riviere Y.P.M.S., $38; Mrs. Hobman, $2; Pres. Sunday-school, Doon, $18.75; Friends from Point Fortune, $30; Marais Benefit League, $34; St. David's Society, Oak Lake, $35; Sunday-school Class, Camilla, $27.55; Prosperity Y.P.S.C.E., $34; Rosser Union C.E.S., $7.91; Mrs McKinnon and son, $5; Gibson Mission Band, $20; Prospect C.E. Society, $36; Friend, $1.50; Friend, Melita, $18; Miss J. E. R. Fisher, $17; Montgomery Union C. E. Society, $38; Beulah Sunday-school, $7; Mr. A. M. Boosey, $5; Friend, Christieville, $17; Beulah Sunday-school Class, $28; Cripple Creek Mission School, $18; Mrs. Ph. Field, $5; T. J. Morrison, $7; 'Servant of Jesus,' $1.10; Outremont Sunday-school, $20; Friend, St. Eugene, $5; Mrs. W. F. Boake, $15; and Mr. Hec. McLean, Mr. J. Wells, Mr. W. A. Gardiner, Miss E. S. Eby, Mr. J. Towe, each $1. Total from readers of the 'Northern Messenger' since last acknowledgment, $637.56.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 25, of 'World Wide'.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Grand Duke Sergius Killed—American Papers.
The Czar's Manifesto—American Papers
An Interview with Count Tolstoy—Special Correspondence of the 'Standard,' London.
The Finnish Diet—The 'Morning Post,' London.
In a Russian Village—A Peasant's Views—Special Correspondence of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
India Under Protection—The 'Morning Post,' London
The Hudson Bay Route—Regarded as Feasible for Five Months of the Year—The New York 'Tribune.'
President Harper, a Man of Marvellous Energy—The 'World,' New York.
Oxford and Goldwin Smith—The London 'Times.'
'Bula-Matari'—The Rockbreaker—The 'Scientific American,' New York.
Nobody in this World is Really Uninteresting—Comment by T. P. O'Connor, in 'M.A.P.', London.
The Revival in London—Vast Crowds at the Albert Hall—'Daily News,' London.
'What I Believe'—By Dr. R. A. Torrey, Evangelist of the Great London Mission, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Art in the Swedish Schools—By R. Avenard, in 'Art et Decoration.' Translated for 'Public Opinion,' New York.
Adolf Menzel, the Great German Artist—By Arthur Hoeber, in the 'Globe and Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Damage to Menzel's Paintings—The New York 'Evening Post.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Soul's Victory—Poem, by W. H. Saville, in the 'Spectator,' London.
Are Children Tired of 'Alice'?—By B, in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
A Gardener's Joys and Griefs—Rider Haggard's Book—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
A Nova Scotian Astronomer—The 'Athenæum,' London.
General Wallace—The Providence 'Journal.'
A Book from the Library of the Earl of Leicester—How did it Reach Chicago?—The New York 'Evening Post.'
Mr. Eden Phillpott's New Novel—The 'Standard,' London.
The United States Copyright Law—The New York 'Times' Book Review.'
The Oregon Trail in the Seventies—The 'Nation,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Pedagogues and Parents—The New York 'Times' Book Review.'
The Biggest Diamond Ever Found—The New York 'Sun.'
The Coreless Apple—Extract from an Article by Sampson Morgan, in the 'Nineteenth Century.'

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

PASSING EVENTS.

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LITTLE FOLKS

'I Didn't Think.'

If all the troubles in the world,
  Were traced back to their start,
We'd find not one in ten begun
  From want of willing heart.
But there's a sly woe-working elf
  Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings always—
  The elf 'I didn't think.'

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
  His mien is all contrite,
He so regrets the woe he's wrought,
  And wants to make things right,
But wishes do not heal a wound,
  Or weld a broken link,
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
  All through 'I didn't think.'

I half believe that ugly sprite,
  Bold, wicked, 'I don't care,'
In life's long run less harm has done
  Because he is so rare.
And one can be so stern with him,
  Can make the monster shrink;
But, lack-a-day, what can we say,
  To whining 'Didn't think?'

This most unpleasant imp of strife
  Pursues us everywhere,
There's scarcely one whole day of life
  He does not cause us care;
Small woes and great he brings the world,
  Strong ships are forced to sink,
And trains from iron tracks are hurled
  By stupid 'Didn't think.'

When brain is comrade to the heart,
  And heart from soul draws grace,
'I didn't think' will quick depart
  For lack of resting place.
If from that great unselfish stream,
  The Golden Rule, we drink,
We'll keep God's laws and have no cause
  To say: 'I didn't think.'

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

How the Crossroads Schools Discovered a Hero.

(Kathryn Mortimer, in the 'Epworth Herald.')

In two more days school would be over for three long months. A group of boys of all ages and sizes stood in front of the weather-beaten country schoolhouse, discussing the prospects for vacation fun.

'I'm going to the city for a month,' said Ted Baldwin, 'and then my cousins are coming home with me to spend the other two months. Their school doesn't close as early as ours. Hello! There's Duncan's Pietro. I suppose he's going to spend his vacation building a hospital for toads and stray cats. 'Fore I'd be such a Nancy as he is!'

'Oh, say, now, Ted! He's not such a bad sort. I wish somebody would tell why we fellows are forever tormenting him.' It was Rex Norton who took the little Italian's part, Rex was 'small for his age,' the neighbors said; but his ready smile made up for his lack of height, and he carried perpetual sunshine with him.

Ted did not attempt to answer for himself or his mates, but stood watching the short but sturdy figure as it climbed up the long hill.

'Hurry up, Petey,' called one of the boys. 'You'll be late. Teacher's clock won't wait for Italy.'

Pietro gave him a glance that was half-smiling, half-distrustful, and hurried on toward the door, as if he feared a trick of some sort were about to be played upon him.

But the boys were again absorbed in their planning. In fact, they became so interested that they were in danger of being late themselves, and Miss Glidden finally had to ring the desk-bell outside the door to attract their attention.

When the children were all in their places, Miss Glidden read the morning lesson and led them in a song. Then she requested them to take out their 'history readers.' The lesson for to-day was about Abraham Lincoln, and when it was finished their teacher asked them to tell what quality they admired most in the man of whom they all loved to read.

The boys gave many reasons—all but Pietro. He sat staring straight ahead with his great black eyes, and was as silent as if he were voiceless. At last Miss Glidden spoke to him. 'Pietro,' she said, 'tell us why you admire Mr. Lincoln.'

Pietro fidgeted uncomfortably—he was sure the boys would laugh at him. Then looking straight into Miss Glidden's face, he answered: 'Because he didn't like to fight.'

Yes, it was just as he thought. The boys were all laughing now; and Patrick Kelly whispered to his neighbor, Ward Elkins: 'He wouldn't fight! What do you think of that! But it's just like the little Eye talian. He's a regular coward. Do you mind how he ran away when we killed that snake the other day?' Then he saw Miss Glidden's eye upon him, and he straightened up.

'Yes, Pietro,' said their teacher, 'Mr. Lincoln, although President during a long and terrible war, was a man of peace, and would have been very glad indeed if the country could have settled her dispute without those terrible years of suffering and bloodshed. Now, will you not tell us why it is nobler sometimes not to fight?'

But Pietro was overcome with confusion, and sat silently staring at her with his solemn big eyes; so she gave them an answer of her own.

'There is often a better way of gaining a victory than by the use of weapons of warfare, or with fists,' she said. 'The boy who is constantly seeking a fight is more often a bully than brave.'

Freddy Brown glanced slyly across at Patrick on the next bench, and Patrick, for some reason which the boys seemed to understand, looked foolish and uncomfortable.

'Now,' continued Miss Glidden, 'we must go on with the regular lessons. But to-morrow I am going to ask you to tell me about some heroes who showed their bravery in another way than by fighting. I wonder how many we can think of.'

When school was dismissed that afternoon, Ray Cullen called the boys together and proposed that they should go swimming down in the 'big basin.' The 'big basin' was an oddly-shaped bayou, which had been hollowed out by the river when it changed its course once upon a time. The water in the basin was nearly always warm, and there was just enough of sunshine and shadow to make it an ideal place for swimming.

Pietro had started off alone toward home. Rex caught sight of him, and was seized with one of his sudden generous impulses. 'Come along, Pietro,' he called through his hands, 'down to the river.'

'Oh, let him alone!' exclaimed Pat. 'We don't want him.'

'Yes, we do,' retorted Rex, quickly. For once he had forgotten to be afraid of the big boy. 'Any way, I do. Come on, Pietro,' he called again, and Pietro turned and went with them, wondering what had happened to make them so friendly.

It was a perfect day, and the boys were soon shouting and splashing about in great glee. In the midst of their fun Rex made a discovery. A cow had escaped from the pasture near by, and was wandering along the edge of the river toward a place which the boys called the 'danger hole.' The water had an unsettled look there, and people said that if anyone were to enter it he would be sucked down, never to rise again.

'That's one of Comstock's cows,' Rex exclaimed. 'I'm going to head her off. If she gets into that hole she'll be drowned.'

'Oh, Rex,' protested his brother, 'you're forever hunting some uncomfortable duty. Stay up here where it's pleasant.'

But Rex did not heed. He was already gliding down the 'basin,' with long, steady strokes. Pietro was close behind him. Mr. Duncan was an excellent swimmer, and he had taught the little adopted waif so well that the Italian boy had few equals, though not many of the older boys had found it out.

Rex stopped down-stream, just ahead of the navigating cow, and started her back up the bank. But suddenly she took a perverse notion into her cowish brain. and struck out, straight for the middle of the stream, with Rex in close pursuit. When she felt the strong force of the current, however, instinct told her it was time to turn back. With a struggling leap she veered around and started toward the shore.

Poor Rex was directly in the way of Bossy's hoofs. and a moment later he was striving to get his breath and wondering what made his right arm feel so queer. He tried to swim out of the current, but that arm refused to work, and while he managed to keep himself afloat he felt that he was drifting aside, and straight toward the dreaded danger-hole.

But he had forgotten Pietro. The Italian boy had gone in toward the shore when the chase began. Now he saw that something was the matter, and he began swimming out and down the stream as fast as his swift, sure strokes would carry him.

Rex was at the very edge of the dreadful hole: in another moment he would be drawn into it. The boys in the basin were shouting vehement calls, but they seemed afraid to come to his rescue. Pietro was very near now. Swiftly he shot ahead, and throwing his left arm about Rex, he began slowly to work his way out, while Rex helped as best he could with his uninjured arm. He was a plucky lad and did not hinder his rescuer by becoming panic-stricken, as many boys would have done.

In a few minutes the boys were safe. They allowed themselves to float along with the current until they were past the danger-point, and then worked gradually across to the shore. Their comrades had come to their senses by this time, and were hastening to meet them.

The boys gathered about the two adventurers and escorted them back to the bank of the 'big basin.' Because they were boys, and not girls, they said little about Pietro's share in the affair; but they called him 'old fellow,' and Pietro knew what that meant.

The next morning Miss Glidden, true to her promise, asked for names for her hero list. Little Dick Warren's hand went up like a flash, but before she had time to call upon him twenty lusty voices shouted 'Pietro Beltrami!'

Miss Gildden looked very much surprised; so when the uproar was over they had to tell her all about it. And Ted put the finishing touch to the story by exclaiming: 'Yes, and if that red cow had been in there he would have gone back and dragged her out, too!'

Of course they all laughed then; but it was a jolly, friendly laugh, and Pietro was glad, because it made Miss Glidden forget to praise him before the school. He knew the boys never would call him a coward again, even though he would not fight nor kill snakes, and that was sufficient.

A Filler of Chinks.

(Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Herald.')

'Lucy,' said her mother, 'is a filler of chinks.'

The visiting friend looked up inquiringly. 'By chinks,' the mother explained, 'I mean the little gaps and rifts and rents that nobody else notices, that never are observed when all goes well, that somebody suffers from if they are overlooked, and that make up a sum total of very humble service. Mildred is clever and Margaret is musical. Lucy has no extraordinary talent that I know of, but she is the comfort of our lives.'

The friend thought it worth while to watch the quiet little Lucy, a girl so modest and unobtrusive that she was often rather overlooked. She found that Lucy was always doing what others left undone. The weather was very hot, the family was large, and people were coming and going constantly. One sultry afternon when everybody was looking for a cool place, and one was in the hammock with a book, and another in the shadiest corner of the veranda with a pretence of knitting in her hands, Lucy had disappeared. She came in sight after a while, with a glass pitcher of lemonade, and a tinkle of ice that was pleasant to hear, and when somebody asked where she had been, she answered, 'I've been giving Betty a lift with the towels and napkins. There were dozens to iron, and the poor girl looks tired out. The heat in the kitchen reminded me that lemonade would be nice, so I made it for Betty, and then thought of you, out here, feeling the heat.'

'You didn't feel it yourself, I suppose?' said her aunt Laura.

'No, I've been too busy, Aunty, and I really do not mind heat so very much.'

'Grandmother grows harder to live with every day,' complained one of the young people. 'Nothing suits her, and she's so restless and uneasy, and so irritable. I hope when I am old, if I live to be eighty as she is, that I'll be a reasonable being. Most old people are so queer and crabbed.'

No wonder that grandmother was restless. She had led an active life and been a personage, one whose advice had been asked and taken, one who had managed her own household, and had gone where she pleased and when she desired, without dictation from any one. Now she was an inmate of her son's house; her world was bounded by the four walls of her room. There were servants in the kitchen and new ways of doing almost everything, ways that seemed to her extravagant and wasteful. Among the people who were her son's friends she felt herself lonely and out of her sphere. She was discontented and cross and knew herself both, with a pang of conscience that smote her heart.

'I cannot imagine what more I could do for John's mother than I do,' declared John's wife. 'She has a large, sunny room, her own furniture, and nothing to do but fold her hands in front of her.'

Little Lucy slipped silently away, not once, but often, in the morning, in the afternoon, and after a while in the twilight, to sit with her grandmother. The two had much in common.

Both were very simple-hearted and plain, caring for externals only, as they tended to convenience and comfort. Both were fond of outdoor life. Grandmother could not have a garden in the city, but Lucy managed to fill her window-boxes with geraniums and other vivid-colored plants. Lucy bought a canary, and hung its cage in the old lady's window, and whenever grandmother wanted to call on an old friend, the young girl managed to have an errand in the same part of town, so that she wanted to have company as she went on the errand.

The days passed more easily for the lonely, elderly woman after Lucy, the filler of chinks, took her in her gentle care.

So it was everywhere. Lucy was not a genius, nor brilliant, nor very beautiful, but she was well beloved, for she was a filler of chinks.

The Tree and the Snow.

'Too heavy upon me lies the snow,'
To the sky said the restless tree;
'The burden upon the ground I'll throw;
Too heavy it lies on me.'

The tree its burden cast to the ground,
And its arms tossed light and free,
While Nature with icy fetter bound
Each other forest tree.

Some warm days came, then a fierce cold wind
On the forest began to blow,
And ruined buds it left behind—
Except on the boughs of snow.

Spring came, and the Western wind blew free,
The green woods blossomed, but lo,
All barren and blossomless stood the tree,
That shook from its boughs the snow.

—From the German.

A Mystery.

Harold Ames was proud and happy when Mr. Jones, the great newspaper agent, took him on as one of his boys. Not a moment late was he with any of the papers, and the wages were a quarter more than in his last place. Every one of those quarters should be put aside to buy mother the new dress she needed. Harold's mother was a widow, and he was her only child.

Five weeks had Harry kept his place, and five quarters rattled in his money-box—the rest of the money he always handed over to his mother to buy his food and clothes—when a terrible trial befell the boy. Subscribers complained that their papers were not left regularly, and one man even sent word that, though paid for, his paper had not come for a whole week past. Of course Harry was sent for and reprimanded, but he could only say earnestly: 'Please, sir, I always did leave the papers at every house.' And the answer was, 'Don't make matters worse by telling a lie.' He was not dismissed, but was to have a week's grace.

Poor Harry! Tears of indignation welled into his eyes. As to the missing papers, he knew nothing about them. It was a mystery, and it was a mystery that continued. He left the papers regularly in Mortimer street, yet again people called at the office and said they had never got them. At the end of the week the boy was called up and dismissed. In vain Harry's mother pleaded for her child, a good boy, with a good character for honesty wherever he had been in a place: it was no use.

Harry was sobbing bitterly at home when Mr. S., the photographer round the corner, came and knocked at the door to ask Mrs. Ames to send his wash home a little earlier. He was surprised to see Harry in tears, and asked the reason. Mrs. Ames explained.

'Look here,' the young man said, 'I'm fond of mysteries. I'll take the boy.' And the photographer laughed. 'Cheer up,' he said to Harry. 'Come and work for me, and we'll find out this riddle.' He knew Harry—knew him for a good boy.

A few days later Mr. S. called at the newspaper office. 'Papers gone regularly since you dismissed young Ames?' he asked.

'Not a bit of it. Worse complaints than ever,' was the reply.

'Ah, a mystery,' said Mr. S., and went away.

Next day he got up very early and walked up and down Mortimer street. Harry's successor was dropping the morning paper on every doorstep. Mr. S. leaned against the portico of No. 1 and waited, keeping an eye on the whole street. Then he went home chuckling and staring hard at No. 8, where the door stood open to air the house. You could do that in this quiet street. He asked Harry if No. 8 had ever complained of his paper coming irregularly, but Harry shook his head.

'No. 8 was too ill,' he said. 'They thought he was dying all last week. The girl told me so.'

'Do they keep a cat?' he asked.

Harry stared. 'They keep a dog,' he said, 'a jolly one; it can do heaps of tricks.'

'It is too clever by half,' said Mr. S. 'Come with me, my boy. You and I will go and ask how No. 8 is.' Harry wondered, but got his cap and followed. To this question the girl answered joyfully that her employer was a great deal better,—out of danger.

'Can he read the papers yet?. asked Mr. S.

'Well, now, how odd!' said the girl. 'I was just going to get it for him when you rang. Rover takes it always off the doorstep and lays it in his little smoking-room; but this two weeks past we've none of us thought of the paper or even gone into the room, we've been so dreadfully anxious about poor Mr. Orr.'

'May I see the smoking room?' asked the photographer.

'Certainly, sir,' said the girl, surprised.

But when Harry, Mr. S. and Sarah entered the room, there was still a greater surprise; for the floor was littered with papers, yet folded, carried in from various doorsteps by the busy Rover.

'And we all too upset to notice it!' said Sarah. 'Well, I never. Rover, you're a thief! This will be news for your master.'

'The mystery is discovered,' said the photographer. 'Could I ask as a favor that this room be left as it is for Mr. Jones of the newspaper office to see? I think your employer will not object when he hears that a boy has been accused of taking the papers.'

'Certainly, sir,' said Sarah.

The agent was taken to No. 8. He found there all the missing papers, and Rover was kind enough to make things clear by bringing in another stolen paper during the visit.

'You are entirely cleared, my lad,' he said. 'We must have you back. This is a queer affair.' And he patted Rover on the head.

'Thank you, but I can't spare my boy: he suits me,' said the photographer.

'Well, then, we must give Ames a present; for he has suffered unjustly.'

'I don't want anything, sir; I'm only too glad to be cleared.'

'The boys said you were saving up money for some purpose; perhaps I could help you to that.'

'Oh, nothing, sir, for me; but I did want to get mother a dress.'

'Ah, yes. I won't keep you now. Good-bye, Mr. S. You have done us a valuable service by clearing up this little affair.'

That evening a knock came to the Ames's door, and a parcel was left, directed to Harry's mother. It contained a beautiful dark dress 'from Rover.'—'Working Boy.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Viewed With Different Eyes.

'But a week is so long!' he said
With a toss of his curly head,
'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—
Seven whole days! Why, in six you know
(You sand it yourself—you told me so)
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and the skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies,
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?'

'But a month is so long,' he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
'Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks and three days more;
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadow crawls over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky.
How can I wait till a month is o'er?'

'But a year is so long!' he said,
Uplifting his bright, young head.
All the seasons must come and go
Over hill with footsteps slow —
Autumn and winter, summer and spring!
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I may cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!'

'Ten years may be long!' he said
Slowly raising his stately head.
But there is much to win, there is much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor must do and dare.
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate.'

'Ah, life is not long,' he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night—
How long, oh, God, is Eternity?'

—Selected.

How Zella Marshall Gave.

(Hope Daring, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Auntie Marion!'

'Go with me, Auntie!'

'I am your escort, Auntie!'

Marion Marshall dropped her book and turned a smiling face to three boys who were hurrying across the wide veranda.

'I am yours to command, laddies. What is it?'

It was Maurice Temple, a tall blonde youth who replied.

'It is the regatta over at the Point. We had forgotten that it was this afternoon. You are to go——'

'With me,' interrupted John Marshall, unceremoniously, taking his aunt in his arms and swinging her round.

Even that did not ruffle Miss Marshall's temper. She was used to boys; this trio of rollicking lads carried their many joys and their few sorrows to the gracious woman whose two-score years had taught her sympathy with them.

They were all at the Pines, the summer home of the Marshall family. Besides Miss Marshall, there was her brother Hiram, his wife and three children, John, Leon and Florence; Mrs. Temple (once a Marshall), her husband and children, Maurice and Etta Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Marshall and their daughter Zella.

The 'Half Dozen' was the family name for the young people. They were all in school, and the vacation days at the Pines were given over to mirth and gayety. The house stood on the shore of an inland lake, and all round it towered the great dusky trees, which had given the place its name.

John deposited his aunt in her chair, and all three boys began explaining about the regetta. The 'Half Dozen' were going, but any one of the boys whom Auntie Marion would select would be delighted to take her in the little canoe, the Hiawatha.

'It is so dear in you to want to take your old aunt,' Miss Marshall began, only to be interrupted by Leon.

'Old! Will you please speak more respectfully of Miss Marshall? She found Ponce de Leon's fabled fountain of immortal youth long ago.'

Marion leaned forward and patted the arm of her devoted knight. 'You dear boy! I am sorry the regatta comes this afternoon, though, for Zella and I must go into town. The monthly meeting of the foreign missionary society comes to-day.'

The boys instantly recognized the fact that their aunt would attend the meeting.

'I am sorry, too' Maurice said. 'You will have to go alone, Auntie. Zella will never stay away from a regatta for a missionary meeting.'

Miss Marshall's hand closed on the arm of her chair. Surely Maurice was mistaken.

'I think you are wrong, Maurice. The meeting is—to the members of the society—a service to Christ. To serve him is a joy. I am sure Zella will go.'

Maurice shrugged his shoulders. 'Zella is a dear, but she is not like you. She is not so vitally in earnest in this thing as you are. Zella will go to the regatta, the same as the rest of us.'

There had been an unseen listener to this conversation. Zella Marshall had been crossing the sitting-room when she heard the mention of her own name in connection with the missionary meeting. Without thinking that she was listening to a conversation that was not meant for her ears, the girl stood still at the long window that opened on the porch and heard all that was said.

At the conclusion of Maurice's speech, Zella turned and hastened upstairs to her own room. There was a startled, pained look on her fresh young face.

Of course she would go to the regatta—the same as the rest of the 'Half Dozen.' She did belong to the missionary society. What was it Auntie Marion had said about service to Christ and that service being a joy?

Zella stood at the window, looking with unseeing eyes over the dancing, sun-kissed expanse of blue water. She was the only one of the 'Half Dozen' who was a Christian. There had been a time when she had hoped to lead the others to the Christ who was dear to her. She had failed—utterly failed, as Maurice's words had assured her.

Why had she failed. Zella closed her lips firmly and pressed the question home. Was it because she had been unfaithful? They had not seen in her this joy of which her aunt had spoken. She had let things come between her and Christ.

The girl's breath came hard and fast. This was not easy for her to face, but she did not turn aside. She with her cousin, had often said: 'The Marshalls are not cowards.'

A few minutes longer she stood there. Then she dropped upon her knees, burying her face among the cushions of the window seat. Even in her short and imperfect service Zella had learned where to go for strength.

She was still kneeling when a rap sounded upon the door. It was followed by Miss Marshall's voice.

'Are you here, Zella?'

'Yes, Auntie Marion.'

'Do not open the door; I am soon coming in. You remember this is the day of the missionary meeting. You will go with me?'

'Yes, I will be all ready to take the first car after lunch.'

'Very well. It is sure to be a good meeting, and we will enjoy it.'

Miss Marshall walked away, too wise to say more. She had seen Zella turn from the downstairs window and knew the girl had overheard her cousin's words. What would be their effect?

Zella came down to lunch, dressed for her ride into town. In the lower hall she came upon Etta and Maurice.

'Where have you been all the morning, and why have you your street suit on?' Etta asked, slipping one hand through her cousin's arm. 'We are all going to the regatta this afternoon.

It was a moment before Zella said: 'I am going into town with Auntie Marion. This is the day of the monthly missionary meeting.'

'But you are not going to miss the regatta for that!' Etta cried. 'Why, Zella, there are always missionary meetings while regattas—well, they are too jolly to miss.'

Zella smiled faintly, but the look on her face showed that her determination was unshaken. It was then that Maurice spoke, and the half-sarcastic tone of his voice brought a deepened flush to Zella's cheeks.

'I don't understand, cousin mine. You have never shown any marked love for such meetings before.'

The flush faded, leaving Zella very pale. She faced her cousin bravely.

'You are right. I am ashamed that I have dishonored Christ. His love and power are real. I am going to do better.'

For once Maurice Temple had no reply ready. Unconsciously he bowed his head, as if assenting to some well-established truth, and the trio passed on to the vine-draped veranda, where lunch was served.

Zella often said that the meeting of that afternoon was of exceptional interest. It was true, but can a meeting dealing with so important a subject be otherwise? Zella had entered the room, hungry for some satisfying evidence of Christ's nearness to his own. As she listened to the wrongs of the women of India, her own hunger, her own identity was forgotten. Their sad burdened childhood and the hopelessness of their after life came home to her as never before. She had been too busy with her own many pleasures to remember these women and the injunction of the Master, 'Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.'

That was the beginning of a new interest in life for Zella. When the glad days at the Pines came to an end, and they were all back in the city—Zella senior in the high school—her interest in missions increased rather than waned.

The girl had little leisure time. Besides her school and her share of the domestic duties there was her music—the thing to which she expected to devote her future. A wondrous gift of musical expression had been bestowed upon the young girl, and her love for the art was so deep and true that what some called the drudgery of practice was to her a joy.

Perhaps it was because of the subject of the

memorable meeting that Zella's newly-awakened interest centered upon India. She read and studied concerning the women of that country and their needs, gladly giving to the cause all she could, both of money and of herself.

The quickening of her missionary zeal had brought about a revolution in her spiritual life; Christ became to her an inspiration and, in all things, a guide.

The days slipped by, bringing the holiday season near. Christmas was always a great family day with the Marshalls. They gathered in the old home where Miss Marshall and the Temples lived. A week before Christmas Jerome Marshall, Zella's father, came home one night, a puzzled look upon his face.

'I learned something to-day that upset my plans for your Christmas gift puss,' he said, pulling his daughter down on his knee. 'Your mother and I had decided to buy you a—well, a piece, a small one, of jewellery. I have learned that the renowned Pundita Ramabai speaks at Springfield to-morrow night.'

'Oh, papa! That noble woman! If I could hear her!'

'Money is not very plentiful with me this winter, little girl. Would you be willing to take the going to hear this speaker for a Christmas gift?'

'Papa Marshall, I would rather hear her than to have diamonds. Cannot we all go? I will do without something else.

Jerome Marshall, his wife, and daughter, went to Springfield to hear the noble Hindoo woman who has given herself to the work of the redemption of her sisters. The Marshalls went on an afternoon train, having been invited to the home of Mrs. Marshall's cousin for dinner before the lecture.

At dinner the hostess, Mrs. Raynor, said to Zella 'I believe you finish the high school this year. What will you do then? Go east and study music?'

Zella laughed a little wistfully. 'We cannot afford that. I will go on under the instruction of our home teacher until I can teach a class of beginners. Then I will earn money to go away and study music.'

'I will tell you what to do,' Mrs. Raynor said, with the easy confidence some persons use in settling the affairs of others. 'Take a term of lessons next year of Herr Lotus, our famous German teacher. You could come down from home and return on an afternoon train. The Herr's terms are two dollars a lesson. Let me see. A hundred dollars would meet your expenses for a term.'

Zella knew her parents could not give her that; at least, not the next year. The conversation drifted to other things, and no more was said about the lessons.

Zella never forgot that evening's meeting. A new realization of the benefits Christianity had brought to her and to all who dwell in a Christian land came to her. With all her heart she longed to bring the light into the darkened life of some one of those poor women of whom their sister spoke.

On the way home Zella was seated at some distance from her parents. Mrs. Marshall said to her husband:

'Jerome, Cousin Mollie asked me if I was not afraid that Zella's great interest in missionaries might lead her to want to be one.'

Jerome Marshall sat erect, his breathing quickened. His child was dearer than life to him.

'I could never consent to that. And still, Mable, if it should be God's will for her, I—well, we can trust it in his hands.'

Once back at home they learned of some delightful news that had reached the Marshall family. Uncle Luke was coming home for Christmas.

Luke Marshall had been in Australia for ten years. His nieces and nephews remembered him as a gay, handsome man who had lavished gifts and pettings upon them. His letters to them had been incentives to right thinking and right living.

'I shall not reach home until Christmas eve' the letter ran. 'You must all be at the old home to welcome me. My Christmas gifts to each one of the "Half Dozen" shall be a cheque for one hundred dollars. Each one is to tell us what it is to be used for.'

The letter had been sent round to Jerome Marshall, and he read it aloud to his wife and daughter. Zella laughed gleefully.

'Dear Uncle Luke! One hundred dollars! That means—do you know what, mamma?'

'Yes, dear—Herr Lotus' lessons. I am glad.'

'Glad! That is a tame word. I am delighted, enraptured,' and the happy girl danced off to the piano to voice her joy in music.

Christmas eve Zella was alone in her own room, ready to go with her parents to the home of her aunts. Drawing aside the curtain the girl stood looking up at the sky, where a few faint stars were beginning to show.

'It is Christmas eve!' and the girlish face grew tender. 'Oh, if I could do something to bring to others the joy that has come to me in serving the dear Christ! He gave himself for us. If I could give—'

She stopped. After a moment she repeated:

'"Every task, however simple, sets the soul
that does it free;
Every deed of love and mercy done to men is
done to me."

Those seemed like Christ's own words when I first read them. I could do this "deed of love and mercy." To do it would be to give in his name.'

She stood still, lost in thought, until her mother called her.

An hour later Zella was in the home of her forefathers. The quaint old -time rooms were gay with wreaths of evergreens and holly. Open fires added a cheery radiance and great masses of scarlet carnations perfumed the air.

Uncle Luke had arrived. He was bearded and the years had graven deep lines upon his brow, but to the 'Half Dozen' he was the embodiment of all their dreams of heroes.

There was a tree laden with pretty, simple gifts—the expressions of love and goodwill. After the distribution of those gifts, Uncle Luke took up a position on the hearth rug.

'Here are the cheques, chickens. You are to come up in the old order, alphabetically, and tell what you are to spend the money for.

There was a laughing chorus of thanks.

'Etta,' Luke Marshall called, holding up a slip of paper.

Etta came forward, her pretty dark face flushed with embarrassment and pleasure.

'Thank you, dear Uncle Luke! When I am a famous artist, I will paint your portrait. This generous gift of yours shall go to pay for art lessons.'

Luke Marshall nodded his head. He liked ambition.

Hiram Marshall was wealthy, and his children were to spend their uncle's gifts for their pleasure. Florence was to buy a diamond ring, John a horse, while Leon's hundred dollars would enable him to join a party of young friends who were going the following summer for a trip round the Great Lakes. Maurice Temple's cheque was to be added to the sum he was saving for his college expenses.

Then it was Zella's turn. She came forward her face pale, but her eyes steady and clear.

'I am going to give this as a Christmas gift to the Foreign Missionary Society. It may be the means of saving some poor girl. I appreciate your kindness, Uncle Luke, and I know of nothing that will make me so happy on this blessed day.'

There was a moment's silence. Then Luke Marshall held out his hand.

'God bless you, dear child!' was all he said.

A little later Zella felt that he had indeed blessed her. It was when Etta said, softly.

'Zella, it was beautiful in you. I knew how you wanted the music. I—well, dear, I see what Christ is to you, and I want to be like you. We—Maurice and I—are going to serve him.'

Luke Marshall heard the broken words. He turned away, a new light shining in his eyes.

'It was a sacrifice on her part. Dear child! I will follow her example and give to help carry the gospel to those who dwell in darkness.'

The Joy of Helping.

If none were sick, and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart,
Life would be disenchanted.

—'Christian Age.'

The Marks of a Lady.

There are certain marks of the lady which are easily recognized and possible to cultivate. These are, a gentle voice, refinement in the use of language, and neatness in dress.

Not all girls can be educated, but they can be thoughtful in the use of words, and can eliminate from their vocabulary all slang. For slang from the lips of a woman is exceedingly vulgar.

A gentle voice is possible. Thoughtlessness, more than anything else, is responsible for the loud, harsh tones often heard when girls are in conversation. Loud speaking spoils the attractiveness of the most beautiful face. It is worse than giggling, for the giggling girl may sober down when she gets older, but the loud-mouthed girl is likely to become louder, unless she resolutely determines to control her voice.

Neatness is an essential characteristic of womanliness. The clothes may be poor, the wardrobe may be limited, but the true lady is neat in her dress.

The slovenly girl who indulges in loud talk marred by slang should cultivate neatness, gentleness of voice, and purity of language.—'The Watchword.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

A Canadian Flag Over Every Schoolhouse in Canada

Not flag worship, but strong, steadfast love for our Canadian Flag, and good, honest pride in it and what it represents, is what those who have the country's welfare at heart would like to see in every school in our fair Dominion. A flood of alien peoples will pour into our country with the springtide. Already, indeed, we have many thousands to whom Canada has been a city of refuge. It may well seem so, for here they are free to work, free to think, free to worship. But they are still, for a time, lost people, having lost their homeland, which, however barren, however governed, was still the land of their fathers; and there is a sore place in their hearts which only disappears as they and their children learn to love and understand the land and laws we give them.

To children and to men of childlike mind an object lesson is easier to grasp than an abstraction.

To the teacher who is trying to give to our own Canadian-born children an understanding love of their country, the flag is a very real help, and, with the emblems of this wonderful Dominion joined to those which represent Britain's glorious past and present, an object-lesson may be given which will make a lasting impression on the child's mind.

To the British-born, the Canadian flag links together the homeland with its beloved memories and the new fair land with its bright prospects.

To those who have left states well governed, but where a crowded population makes land dear and competition exacting, the Canadian flag speaks of equal freedom and good government, and also of cheap lands and the enormous wealth of undeveloped resources.

To those who come from countries where corrupt governments have made them despair of ever holding themselves erect as men, the Canadian flag tells its tale of British freedom, hardly but surely won in long years of struggle, and of a new land where nothing is impossible to any who 'will to be and to do.'

Now, with a flag so full of meaning, so capable of stirring fine emotions, is it right that our children should grow up in ignorance of it? Ask any class of children to draw the Canadian ensign for you, and see how many can show you what it is like. Ask the same class to draw a United States flag, and you will find that they will do it fairly well, though possibly puzzled a little as to the number of stars.

That there is a real desire on the part of many patriotic teachers for an opportunity to encourage a knowledge of the flag and love and pride in its traditions is proved by the many requests which have come to the publishers of the Montreal 'Witness' for some scheme by which either teachers or pupils might earn a flag. 'It is almost impossible,' they say, 'to spare money from the school funds for such a purpose, for with every year there come new demands on the treasury for

improvements in the school building or equipment. Will you not give flags as prizes for essays on Canadian history or for a story or something of that sort, so that we may have a chance at least to compete for a prize which would give us a good flag—not a little cotton thing, but a really good large ensign?'

After long consideration, and much consultation with those interested, the publishers of the 'Witness' decided that, rather than offer a few flags which could only be awarded one or two schools at best, they would arrange to place a flag within the reach of every school, small or large, throughout the country.

The publishers of the 'Witness' have always had a desire to see the national flag in the schools, and, as the present year marks their Diamond Jubilee, this flag offer is one of the ways they have chosen of celebrating it.

They have arranged with one of the largest firms in Great Britain to import a supply of fine Canadian ensigns of a quality which they can guarantee, in different sizes, from two yards long and upwards. By so importing the flags direct from the manufacturer in large quantities they are able to offer them as premiums at rates which make every school gaining one a foregone conclusion.

Each school can have a flag, big or little, the smallest two yards long, according as it is able to gather and send to the publishers, twelve dollars, nine dollars, or six dollars, as subscriptions to the publications named in the advertisement at the rates announced.

THE 'WITNESS' FLAG OFFER.

	Per Year.	
DAILY WITNESS	$3.00	Latest News, Market and Stock Reports, Literary Review, Good Stories, Home Dept., Boys' Page, Queries on all Subjects, etc., etc. A clean business and home newspaper.
WEEKLY WITNESS	$1.00	Weekly edition of above, news condensed, more space given to farming interests.
WORLD WIDE	$1.50	A weekly reprint of all the best things in British and American papers. An up-to-date eclectic.
NORTHERN MESSENGER	.40	The best value of its kind in the market. An illustrated weekly. Sunday reading for the home.

NAVAL FLAGS, sewn bunting, standard quality and pattern, to be given as SPECIAL PREMIUMS for bona-fide NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS at regular rates. Only by specially importing them can we offer them on the following liberal terms:

For	$12.00	in subscriptions, at above rates, we give		3-yard Flag,	retail value,		$7 00	to	$9.00.
"	9.00	"	"	"	2½	"	"	5.00 "	5.50.
"	6.00	"	"	"	2	"	"	3.75 "	4.50.

This offer is no money making scheme for us. What we want is to stimulate patriotic sentiment. We want our boys and girls to grow up loyal to our country and its flag.

Special terms quoted for larger flags on application.

If your school does not need another flag, we will give instead patriotic books for your library. Write for particulars.

This offer is made specially for schools, public or private, but clubs, societies or communities are free to take advantage of it. Assist us by making this widely known. Good until next Dominion Day, July 1, 1905.

FOR SAMPLES, ETC., ADDRESS "FLAG DEPARTMENT," JOHN DOUGALL & SON, MONTREAL.

DO IT NOW AND BE READY FOR EMPIRE DAY.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Among The Cherry Blossoms.

[Children all over the world love to hear about the little ones in other lands; so as you read about the Japanese children, do not forget that the little children in the kindergartens in Japan ask eager questions about their little brothers and sisters away over the big ocean. You may be sure that as they play their games under the cherry trees, laden with their beautiful pink blossoms, they talk over all they have heard of the 'queer little foreigners,' for that is what they think you are, you know.—Ed.]

Babies are welcomed with much rejoicing in Japan. The news is sent to all the family friends, and then visitors begin to arrive and gifts to pour in; with these there must always be dried fish or eggs, for good luck. When baby is a week old it is named, its head shaved, and the family eat red rice in honor of the day. When baby is thirty days old it is dressed in its best clothes of gay-figured silk or crape, and all the family go with it to some temple. There offerings are made to one of the gods, who is asked to watch over the child, and afterwards there is a great feast at baby's home; all the presents it has received must be acknowledged on this day by sending cakes or red rice. Baby's clothes are shaped just like his mother's, and are put on all at once and fastened by a soft belt; they are long enough to cover his little bare feet and the sleeves come over his hands. Then unless his parents are rich enough to hire a servant to hold him all the time, baby is tied to his mother's back, or to his older sister's, and there he rides all day—sometimes asleep, sometimes watching what is going on. When the baby is seated on the floor, his knees are always bent back, so that he easily learns to sit in Japanese fashion, and when he begins to walk, the soft mats and the lack of furniture save him many bumps.

On the fifth of May, if we could look down on a Japanese city we could see, floating in the air over every house where a boy lives, a great fish of cloth or paper; the fish they represent is said to be strong enough to swim upstream, even over a waterfall, and so they express what the parents wish for their son, that he may be strong and brave enough to go against the current. A great many flags are flying on this boys' festival, and they bear either the name or the portrait of a brave Japanese general who lived about six centuries ago. Inside the houses we should find more fishes and flags, and also dolls representing the heroes of history, whose stories are told the children even before they can understand them. In early spring the boys fly wonderful kites made to represent children or men or various animals; sometimes they make these fight in the air. They have other games like those American boys play.

On the third of March the baby girl is given a pair of dolls representing the Emperor and Empress, and these she keeps all her life; she carries them with her to her husband's house and adds them to the collection his mother and grandmothers have made. Every third of March all these dolls are brought out and arranged on shelves; before each Emperor and Empress is placed a table with food, and around them stand dolls representing the nobles and their servants. The little girls are not allowed to play with these, but have others for everyday use. In early spring they play battledore and shuttlecock in the streets, while their brothers fly kites.

There are innumerable toy shops

and street shows, and in pleasant evenings the children often walk out with the older people to see what is going on. In winter the grandmother or the father tells stories of heroes or gods; sometimes the children sit around the hibachi (charcoal stove) and tell fairy stories. They also play games like our checkers and chess and authors; they have dissected pictures and what we call Chinese puzzles.

But life for Japanese children is not all play. The little girl must learn, first of all, to control herself to hide her sorrow or anger or pain behind a cheerful smile and an agreeable manner, she must always give up to others and be thoughtful of them; she must be very respectful to her grandfather and grandmother and to her father and mother; she must wait for her elder sister and do as she wishes; she must wait upon her father's guests and learn all the forms of Japanese politeness, so that if her mother is away she can serve tea and cake to callers and entertain them, she does her share of the housework and of the sewing; she must learn to prepare the food; and though this is mainly rice, much skill is required to boil it satisfactorily and to make the rice cakes used for festivals and presents. In old Japan, girls did not go to school, but were taught at home to read and write in Japanese, to play on the koto or samisen, to arrange flowers properly, and to write poems. Their brothers were sent to school, where they studied the Chinese classics and the history of Japan; even with them, books of etiquette and polite letter-writing occupied a great deal of time.—Miss Emma L. Hubbard, in 'Japan, A Course of Twelve Lessons.'

A Particular Canary.

I had once a canary which, in spite of all my coaxing, simply would not bathe. Every time I came near his cage with the little white bathtub filled with water he would curl up into the sulkiest little yellow ball you can possibly imagine. High on the topmost perch would he sit, the very picture of rage. If I put the tub in the cage he would fight me, shriek out little sharp, discordant notes and fly into such a tempest of anger that for fear he would hurt himself I had to take out the hated bath.

So deep-seated was this yellow atom's aversion to a bath that I named him Tramp; and, although, as a matter of form I still took the bathtub to him daily, I had resigned myself to his untidy nature, when one day, I accidentally broke the white tub and in its place I chanced to take a curiously shaped little Japanese dish of blue-and-white China.

As I came near the cage Tramp's joyous morning carol stopped short and he flew up to the topmost perch, as sulky a little bird as you would care to see. But what is this? I placed the dish in the cage and as the sharp little black eyes rested on it the yellow ball flew down with outstretched wings and glad chirps of joy, perched for an instant on the brim of the dish and then splashed into the water with every indication of the utmost joy. I was amazed, of course, and could not understand the change. Day after day went by and each morning Tramp welcomed his bath in the blue-and-white dish.

Then, one morning, the blue-and-white dish was broken and I proffered a white one similar to the old one. Once more Tramp showed the old aversion to his bath. Sulkier than ever now, he flew to the topmost perch and greeted me with shrill chirps of rage. So it continued until I found another blue-and-white dish. Then my little pet resumed his daily bath.—'Picture Lesson Paper.'

A Lullaby.

Sleep, my little one, sleep;
The silvery stars are peeping.
The moon her watch is keeping,
Birds in their nest
Are now at rest,
And sand-man comes a-creeping.
Lullaby, lullaby.

Sleep, my little one, sleep;
Fairies their bells are ringing,
Soft lullabies are singing;
Thine eyelids close
In sweet repose,
Bright dreams to thee they're bringing.
Baby mine, baby mine.
—Anna Pitt Walls

Why They Didn't Go.

In the girls' room at the Hammond's house lay two new dresses, two new hats, two new pairs of slippers, while near by sat two happy little girls.

'How lovely they look,' said Ruth, surveying the new clothes proudly.

'Yes, but wait till we get them on,' replied Mabel.

Here a tall boy, with a mischievous face, stood before them.

'Aren't you afraid you will spoil your plumes before the party?' said he.

'Oh, Tom,' cried Mabel, 'what a silly question, of course I won't!'

Ruth and Mabel Hammond were invited to a lovely party, which was to be the next day at Grace Newcombe's.

All the next morning they were in a flutter of excitement, and they hardly saw their next-door neighbor, Grace.

The party was to begin at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at half-past two the twins walked sedately down the drive, wishing that it were three o'clock.

At last they saw an umbrella that mamma had left on the lawn.

'Oh, let's play it was raining,' cried Ruth. So they took the umbrella and held up their tiny skirts 'like mamma, when it's raining.'

'Oh, I wish we had real rain,' said Ruth.

'All right; I will turn on the hose and you can sit under it with the umbrella.'

'Just the thing,' exclaimed Ruth.

The umbrella did not quite cover Ruth's dress, and the front width was soaked and she fell and the dirt stuck to the wet.

Mabel also got wet and spotted her white slippers and stockings, as well as her dress.

Fifteen minutes before the party two muddy little girls went in to see 'if it was time to go.'

It wasn't time then, but when it was they didn't go. Two tear-stained faces peeked through the fence at the gay crowd. Two little gingham-gowned girls wept all through supper, only to go to their rooms afterward and look at the gay lanterns flashing below.

Mamma made it easier by telling them a 'go-to-bed story.'

'I don't think Tom asked a silly question now,' sobbed Ruth. 'But whether he did or not I'm not going to play 'it rained' any more.'

'Nor I,' said Mabel—Katherine Mackay, in 'Herald and Presbyter.'

LESSON XII.—MARCH 19.

Healing of the Man Born Blind.

John ix., 1-11.

Golden Text.

I am the light of the world. John ix., 5.

Commit verses 10, 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 13.—John ix., 1-11.
Tuesday, March 14.—John ix., 12-25.
Wednesday, March 15.—John ix., 26-41.
Thursday, March 16.—Mark x., 46-52.
Friday, March 17.—Is. xxxv., 1-10.
Saturday, March 18.—I. John i., 1-10.
Sunday, March 19.—John xii., 34-41.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

To the thirty-three parables the thirty-three miracles of Jesus may well be added; for the latter were, in fact, parables, too—deeds packed with an inexhaustible symbolism. . . . The uplifted stones, the glaring faces of those who thirsted for his blood, have just forcibly reminded Jesus of the rapid approach of the night of death, in which he must cease from these symbolic deeds. He will crowd the few remaining hours full of them. . . . Among the lazzaroni crowding the approach to the temple stands the well-known beggar blind from birth. Pfeaninger, with the instinct of a poet, imagines a discussion among the apostles as they half halt in passing: 'Judas began, "His parents must have heavily sinned." Thomas replied, "Or God foresaw great sin in him." John adds, "I know not what to think thereon." Peter finally breaks out, "Master, tell us who."' . . . The words of Jesus may have fallen upon the ears of the unfortunate man, all the more alert because the other sense was lost. Those words may have been the seeds of that faith which was so soon to shake like Lebanon. 'Neither this man nor his parents!' . . . What joy to be rid of the odious imputation cast at him from childhood, that his phenomenal suffering must be penalty of phenomenal sin! 'Now, that he is in this sad and, humanly speaking, remediless plight, he furnishes a rare subject for the display of my Divine power, I will make him a new, indubitable, and lustrous seal upon my claim to Messiahship.' . . . It pleased the Master to condescend to the use of the rude materia medica of the day in order to strengthen the growing faith of the unfortunate man, and to make the cure the more conspicuous. Across the city he goes, holding the poultices of clay to his sightless eyes, followed by an ever-increasing crowd of curiosity-mongers, some of whom, no doubt, gibe at his credulity. He went; he washed; he saw. As the clay lozenges dropped, Siloam's mirrored surface reflected for him the beetling crags of the temple-crowned mount, and over all the azure dome. . . . What wonder that his very neighbors doubted the identity of the man upon whose expressionless face the light of the soul was now pouring through his opened eyes! The man himself has passed into a new world, but has no doubt about his being the same man who once cried on the temple steps, 'Pity one born blind!' Nor has he a shadow of doubt as to who wrought his cure. Mayhap some hired and overalert emissary of the Sanhedrim hails him before that august body. It was, for them, the most unfortunate 'catch' they ever made. The man deposes like a self-possessed witness. He rests the irresistible lever of his logic upon indisputable fact, and bears down upon it with the vigor of true manliness. Behold you, the ancient, vaunted, colossal superstructure of an effete ecclesiasticism topples to its fall! There is a wild scurrying to its rescue. . . . The attempt is made to terrorize the man's parents into the lie that his blindness was not congenital. Their very timidity enhances the value of their testimony. The man himself is now recalled, and, as if in his absence a foul plot had been discovered to foist Jesus upon the nation by means of a fictitious miracle, he is adjured by all the pains and penalties at discretion of the Sanhedrim to deny the validity of his cure. . . . Like a pillar of Hercules this humble man stands while the highest court of his nation frets itself into a foam of rage against him. He is overborne at length, and swept contemptuously out like so much filth and offscouring. But he is quickly found of Jesus and ensconced in that Church against which the gates of hell shall ne'er prevail.

LIGHTS ON THE LESSON.

I picked up an autograph-album in the home of my friend, Professor Sultzberger, in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and, opening it at random, my eye fell on the, to me, familiar handwriting of the first Methodist bishop to make the circuit of the globe. The sentiment was one never to be forgotten: 'The question is not so much how sin got into the world as how to get sin out of the world.—C. Kingsley.' . . . Jesus steers his disciples away from a subject that is purely speculative in character. He attempts no theodicy. He simply affirms that in this instance, though the parties were not sinless persons, the uncommon suffering was not due to an unusual degree of sin in them. But Providence would avail Himself of this instance of phenomenal affliction to show the Divine power that was in Christ. . . . An eccentric thought which Victor Hugo somewhere weaves into one of his fictions is this—the normal condition of our world is one of darkness, only relieved by the intrusion upon it of the illuminating orb. What may be a mere conceit as regards the material world, is a fact in the moral sphere. The utter and obstinate darkness of men's minds to the things of God is only relieved by him who said, 'I am the Light of the world.' . . . Professor Tyndall can trace the subtle metamorphoses of sunlight in its manifestations in organic and inorganic, vital and physical power. In every fire that burns, and every flame that glows, he sees a dispensing of light and heat which originally belonged to the sun. Yet, when it comes to believing that the moral darkness of the human soul can be irradiated, and its weakness stored with higher potencies, he hesitates, he denies. The miracles of sunlight to one so competent to define and trace them, ought to make belief in the miracles of moral illumination comparatively easy. . . . John's glowing narrative gives us a dissolving view, fascinating and impressive. The pitiful mendicant fades away, and in his stead appears a glorious confessor, witty, dauntless, meet to be enrolled in the noble army of the faithful, if we but knew his name. . . . Converts shouldn't be coddled. The healed man was left to his own resources, left to fight it out with the august assembly, to suffer extreme ecclesiastical penalty, all with no word of comfort. Thus he endured hardness. And it was good for him. . . . Excommunication put the mark of moral leprosy on the Jew. If he died, there was no mourning for him. If he lived no one could come nearer to him than four cubits. His social and religious privations were of direst sort. But all this was as dust of balance compared with denying the reality of his cure, or the worth of the Prophet who had effected it. Converts of to-day may well imitate such an example. . . . The glad acceptance of Jesus by the beggar, his stubborn rejection by the chiefs of the nation, has its modern analogue. Jesus is set for the fall or rising of many. He is still a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death.

NOTES FROM THE COMMENTARIES.

A man blind. Blindness is common in Palestine to a degree which we in Western lands can scarcely realize. There is probably no country in the world, except Egypt, where this affliction is so prevalent. At Gaza, for instance, it is said that one-third of the population have lost one or both eyes; and, from my own observation in that city, I should unhesitatingly say that the statement is not exaggerated.—Tristram. Who did sin: The connection between sin and suffering was an elementary principle with the Jews. Its application to the lives of individuals without evidence of special sin is condemned by our Lord. In this instance the question was complicated by the fact that the man had been born blind, forming an ethical or theological puzzle such as the rabbis were fond of discussing. Two alternative solutions presented themselves—either that the calamity was due to the sin of the man's parents on a principle of transmission or that it was due to sin committed by the man himself. In the latter case it might be either punishment by anticipation or for sin committed in a previous state of existence. But probably the disciples were speaking generally, and had no precise conception of the various possibilities involved in the first part of their question.—New Century Bible. Go wash in Siloam . . which is sent. As the prescribed action was purely symbolical in its design, so in connection with it the evangelist notices the symbolical name of the pool, as in this case bearing testimony to him who was sent to do what it only symbolized.—J. F. B.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 19.—Topic—Glorifying God in our daily work. Matt. v., 13-16; Rom. xii., 11.

Junior C. E. Topic.

WILLING GIVERS.

Monday, March 13.—'That giveth it willingly.' Ex. xxv., 1, 2.

Tuesday, March 14.—'A willing heart.' Ex. xxxv., 5.

Wednesday, March 15.—They offered willingly. I. Chron. xxix., 6-9.

Thursday, March 16.—Giving God his own. I. Chron. xxix., 13, 14.

Friday, March 17.—Freely give. Matt. x., 8.

Saturday, March 18.—More blessed to give. Acts xx., 35.

Sunday, March 19.—Topic—A story of some willing givers. Ex. xxxv., 21-29. (Missionary Meeting.)

Learning the Lesson.

A most interesting and profitable address was given by Mr. C. D. Meigs at a Sunday-school convention, on 'Normal Work, or How to Get Your Lesson Until it Gets You.' He emphasized the importance of having a set time for studying the Sunday-school lesson. Some people think any time will do, but it won't. Some don't begin to study the lesson until the last half hour before retiring on Saturday night. Instead, one ought to begin at the beginning of the week. Some begin on Sunday afternoon for the following Sunday. That's more like the thing. But when a person attends preaching service in the morning, some afternoon meeting, a young people's meeting at 6.30, and an evening service, he has his hands about full, and can afford to wait until Monday. And by Monday noon, at least, sooner if you can, know what the lesson text is. Read and re-read it until you have it well in your head. That's the first place to have it. The better you get it in your head, the deeper it will be likely to sink into your heart. And that's where you must by all means have it if you expect to teach successfully. Only when the lesson sinks deeply into your heart, by diligent and prayerful study, will it come forth from a full heart in saving power.—'Living Epistle.'

Have a map of Palestine drawn by each scholar, under your instructions. No matter how crude it is, urge each to draw his own outline map. On this help them to trace in black—black is the color Travis uses for the preparatory period, red for the first year's ministry, green for the second, and purple for the third—the four journeys of Jesus from Bethlehem to the Temple, to Egypt, back to Nazareth, and from Nazareth to Jerusalem and back.—John F. Cowan.

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

The Newsboy's Story.

Going from the office one evening last week, we were stopped by a wan-faced, sad-eyed boy. He says he's seventeen, but in size he doesn't look it by a half-dozen years. He hadn't had enough to eat since he came into the world. Hunger is a law of his life. Despair peeps from his sad eyes, and premature sorrow has been cut into the cheeks which God intended should bloom with roses of youthful joy. But joy is a stranger to this youngster. He lives in hell—the hell created by a drunken father. He was cursed before he was born. The saloon did it.

'Take a paper, sir, for mother's sake,' he said. The appealing tone in which he spoke must have stormed the heart of God. It was more than an appeal; it was a live coal of prayer from off the white altar of the Eternal.

As his hand moved swiftly, he said, 'Say, can I serve you reg'lar, mister?'

'You can, indeed, my lad.'

Seeing he was disposed to talk, we asked: 'Are your parents living?'

'Yes,' he answered quickly, and a flood of bitter memories seemed to look through his eyes. 'Yes, but you see dad—he don't live with us no more.'

'Doesn't he?'

'No; we had to drive him away. He would steal mother's hard-earned money and mine, and spend it for beer.'

'Too bad, too bad.'

'But say, mister, he like to got us before he went.' Here his eyes sparkled as he recalled their narrow escape. 'Policemen were just in time to save us.'

'Save you? How?'

'Why, man, he had a big butcher-knife, and was about to kill mother and me when the cops nabbed him.'

This boy was worse than fatherless. Why? Ask the beer shop. It made a brute of his father.

This boy is homeless. Why? Ask the liquor bar. While brutalizing his father, it also robbed him of the money with which he could have built a home.

This lad has not an equal chance in the world with other boys. Why? The saloon sent him into the street, when his place was in school.

This boy goes home every night to a crushed, broken and husbandless mother. Why? Because the saloon has taken away her husband.

This brave warrior goes forth every morning into the streets to fight the wolf for mother, himself and five smaller ones, who are unconsciously grog-shop victims.

The institution which will make a thief and a murderer of a father will destroy the nation if given time. The one remedy is—destroy the institution.—'The Banner.'

Dinner Customs in Olden Times.

Shortly after the accession of James I. to the English throne, when Scottish gentlemen were beginning to feel at home in London, Lord Harewood gave a dinner party, to which were invited a large number of courtiers and officers, both civil and military. After the bottle had circulated freely, and the spirits of the assembly had begin to rise, General S —, an English trooper of fame, and a reckless 'bon vivant,' rose and said

'Gentlemen, when I am in my cups, and the generous wine begins to warm my blood, I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch. Knowing my weakness, I hope no gentleman in the company will take it amiss.' He sat down, and a Highland chief, Sir Robert Blackie of Blair-Athol, presenting a front like an old battle-worn tower, quietly rose in his place, and with the utmost simplicity and good nature, remarked:

'Gentlemen, when I am in my cups, and the generous wine begins to warm my blood, if I hear a man rail against the Scotch, I have an absurd custom of kicking him at once out of the company. Knowing my weakness, I hope no gentleman will take it amiss.' General S—— did not on that occasion suffer himself to follow his usual custom! What fools the wine made of these men!—'The National Advocate.'

Then and Now.

Then: Only a few years ago a young man of promise was invited to sign a pledge. He declined, saying, 'Why should I deny myself the use of the cheering wine because some people abuse it? I can drink or leave it alone!'

Now: A man staggered into a pawnbroker's shop in New York the other day, and, laying down a package on the counter, exclaimed:

'Give me ten cents!'

The proprietor opened the parcel and found a pair of little red shoes so slightly soiled as to indicate that they had seen but little wear.

'Got them home,' said the man; 'my wife bought them for the baby.' Mad with thirst he cried: 'Give me ten cents. I must have a drink.'

'You had better take them back to your wife,' said the pawnbroker, 'the baby will need them.'

'No she won't,' said the man, 'because she's dead. She's dead, I say; died in the night.' And he bowed his head on the counter and wept like a child.—Selected.

'Do you object to cigarette smoke?' asked young Softleigh as he prepared to light a cigarette.

'Really, I don't know,' rejoined Miss Cutting. 'No gentleman ever smoked one in my presence.'

A Child Shall Lead Them.

(S. Miller, in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

(Concluded.)

'That's what puzzles me,' replied Ferguson, after a few moments' calm reflection. 'If death is annihilation, how could I see my dead father, and mother, and sister?'

'It must have been a trick of the imagination, if your theory is correct.'

'No, sir, it was nothing of the sort,' cried Ferguson, angrily.

'What if the Bible is true then, after all?' I said, looking at him quietly.

He winced for a moment. 'It's all one, there is no hope for me now, the devil tells me.'

'But the devil was a liar from the beginning, and if you had been studying the Bible when you were studying infidel publications, you could have silenced the adversary of souls with one word, "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."'

Ferguson did not answer, but gradually the cloud of depression that hung o'er his countenance broke, and a glimmering of hope seemed to appear through the gloom of despair. Ferguson was the son of respectable parents, he had received a good education, and he began life creditably; but in an evil hour he associated himself with a set of Free Thinkers, and, carried away by their evil influence, he became a rank infidel. Latterly he had fallen into dissipated habits, and by the time I made his acquaintance he had lost every trace of his respectability, and even in the miserable locality in which he lived was held in contempt. I had almost lost heart in the attempt to reclaim him, but it seemed as if we had got to a turning-point at last. His theory of no future state of being was shaken, and he was more than half convinced that he was on the wrong track. He received my visits in a better spirit than formerly, too, and step by step I hoped to win him back to the truth, But, alas! so soon as he was able to go about again, his besetting sin took hold of him. The craving for drink returned, and he could not go past his old accustomed haunts. The public-house lamp, like an evil eye, haunted him at every corner, and lured him towards it with the serpent's secret charm. The stumbling-block in the way of Ferguson's happiness was the spirit shop, and the enemy started up before the man at every step he took. Disheartened and depressed in spirit, I was leaving him one day after a last vain effort to get him to take the temperance pledge. I had reached the door, and my hand was on the lock, when his youngest child came bounding in. He was a remarkably pretty little fellow, despite all the disadvantages of dirt and rags. Fixing his bright, intelligent eyes upon me, he made a dead halt, his face all smiles and dimples.

A happy thought struck me, and taking the boy's hand in mine, I led him up to his father.

'Ferguson, if I were you, I would try to get rid of this little one,' I said, looking quite serious.

The father stared at me with astonishment stamped on every feature.

'He would be better lying silent in his coffin than here,' I continued.

A shudder quivered through the father's frame, and involuntarily he stretched out his hand and drew the child to his knee.

'If he lives what can you expect him to become without a father's care, and with a drunkard's example constantly before his eyes?'

'Charlie has not a bad disposition,' muttered Ferguson; 'none of my children have, sir,' he added, sharply.

'But do you think it possible that they can breathe the tainted atmosphere of moral pollution without inhaling its poison?'

He looked down, silent.

'There is a bud of glorious promise' said I, pointing to little Charlie, who was nestling lovingly on his father's bosom. 'But as surely as a garden blossom requires the gardener's watchful oversight to bring it to perfection, as surely does this little one need a parent's care in the morning of life; and that you know as well as I do, Ferguson,' I added, with emphasis.

'God knows I have tried,' he muttered, and the tears came into his eyes.

'Man, could you not sacrifice a selfish indulgence for the sake of that promising child?' I said, as he appeared to waver. 'Is the love of that fresh young heart not better than the false smile of the mocker? Try it,' I urged; 'and here is Charlie going to promise that father's sacrifice will be gloriously rewarded in the affection and respect of his children to life's latest moment.'

A great tear fell on Charlie's upturned face, and with the quick perception of childhood the little creature divined something amiss, and flung his arms round his father's neck and kissed him.

'It's not too late, you see, Ferguson,' I said, when he lifted his head. 'The sacrifice will be well repaid if you make it, and it will be your own fault, sir, if this little fellow doesn't help yet to redeem the family name,' I added, smiling.

'God bless you, sir, you have stirred the golden chord,' whispered his wife as I passed out.

Yes, the golden chord was struck at last; the next time I went back Ferguson met me himself at the door with a beaming countenance.

'I've done it, sir,' he exclaimed with a joyous smile. 'I took the pledge yon day before I slept, and my wife has taken it too.'

'And you'll never repent it,' I added.

* * * * * * * *

Ferguson had a clever head, and when it was clear he used it to good purpose. Step by step he redeemed his position after he signed the pledge, and in the course of a year or two again the family were in a flourishing position. He has continued faithful to the teetotal pledge, and I have the pleasure of recording that he has entirely abandoned his infidel views, and is a member of the church of Christ. And as a proof of his prosperity, I may add that from time to time I have a pound note slipped into my hand to help the poor and needy amongst God's people.

This story is strictly true. A more hopeless case than Ferguson's could not be imagined, but the grace of God is sufficient for all things, and by patience and perseverance, in humble dependence upon God, the most obdurate heart will yield in the end. Try to find the vulnerable part, probe the incrustations of moral depravity until you come at it. Sweep the heart-strings gently and the golden chord will respond to your touch at last, like music in the hands of a skilful player.

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Correspondence

PICTURES.

Dear Boys and Girls who have not yet seen their pictures in the paper,—If you have sent a picture without your name, address and age on the back of it, or below it, send us a description of the picture on a postcard with your name, etc. If you have sent colored work send us a pencil drawing; if you have sent a political skit sketch, however clever, we would prefer something simpler that every reader can understand. Then, again, we have here a picture which has not a word to say what it is and we have not found anyone that could tell us. It is not a horse, nor a man, a girl nor a bird,—it is not even a conventional work of art,—it is only a drawing! So be sure and give your pictures a name, if there seems any doubt about what they might be taken to represent. There are too many don't's and do's to be thought of or written down, but if you don't see your picture within a month or two it would be wise to read over the rules and try again.

RULES.

1. Draw on white cardboard, five inches square.
2. Avoid shading.
3. Write your name, age and address on the other side. Also a name for your picture.
4. Use nothing but a good sharp pencil.
5. Don't expect to see one of your drawings more than once in three months.
6. No one older than eighteen should send in pictures.

Lower Economy, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is a very pretty place in summer. There is a bay called Minas Ba-

Norman G. (age 12), Didsbury, Alta.

Retta M. M. (age 11), Brookholm, Ont.

sin, of which we have quite a nice view. There is also a very pretty mountain to be seen here in summer, which adds much to the scenery of Lower Economy. I like the 'Messenger' very much. We have taken it for about twenty years. CORA B. McL.

Boxall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of two hundred acres. I have a pet fox, but I sold him at Christmas-time for four dollars. I think he is the nicest pet I have ever had for a long time. My father got an eagle a week ago. We stretched out its wings, and found them to measure seven feet six inches. We had him taken to St. Thomas and stuffed.

CLARENCE J. (aged 13).

Jarlsberg, Ont.

Dear Editor—We live near two big hills. But there are many smaller ones. We live one mile from a lake, which is half a mile wide and two miles long. It is very rocky and hilly here. How many of the boys and girls like summer best? I do; still, I have great fun sleigh-riding. I have two cats, one dog, and a yoke of oxen. WILLIE H.

Morristown, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am in the fifth grade. I have one brother, and his name is Ralph. He is twelve years of age, and for pets I have two cats and two dolls, and I have also a doll's carriage, and we live on a farm. It is a very pretty place in summer.

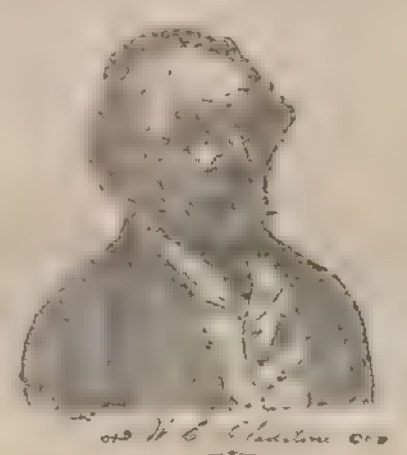
LILAH B. (aged 9).

Byng, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister married, and she lives in Brantford. She has a little boy and girl. I like to read. Some of the books that I have read are: 'Sevenfold Trouble,' 'Anna Lee,' and 'The Brydes.' META D.

Wolfville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have not taken your paper very long, and this is my first letter. We have a beautiful view from our house, which looks over Minas Basin and Cape Blomidon.



Gladstone.

Lloyd L. age 18). Address not given.

Myrtle M. G. (age 15), Elphin, Ont.

Harry B. (age 12), Hamilton, Ont.

I suppose you have read about this town and Grand Prè, which is about one mile away, in Longfellow's poem 'Evangeline.' A great many people from the United States come to see the old French willows, well and church. The skating and snowshoeing have been very good this winter. Last night some of the pupils of the school went for a sleigh-drive to Kentville, a town about seven miles out. I have three sisters, and I am the youngest, being thirteen.

MARGARET M.

Alston, Mich.

Dear Editor,—I live in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, on a homestead. I am going to school now. I have half a mile to go. My grandpa, in Canada, sends us the 'Messenger.' We have quite cold winters here. The snow is about five feet deep. It is nice here in the summer. In the spring we make maple sugar. It is the most exciting time we have. I like to sugar off the best of all. ETHEL G.

India.

Dear Editor,—Having been a reader of the 'Messenger' for one and a half years, through the help of undefined kindness of the one in

The Farmer's Pride.

Belle B. (age 14), Rideau View, Ont.

Bertie W. (age 12), Wisbeach, Ont.

Hazel M. B. (age 8), Bishop's Crossing, Que.

Canada who undertook to subscribe for me, and having enjoyed some very fine articles of the temperance, very good explanations of the Sunday-school lessons, and fine correspondence, I think it is time that I also contribute some kind of letter to the readers of the 'Messenger.' I like this paper very much. It is a splendid paper. My friends in this country appreciate it very much. I cannot afford to do without it. I was benefited very much both in spiritual and secular. I live very much the Temperance, Sunday-school Lesson and the Correspondence, and am delighted with the stories therein. Two kind-hearted girls of Canada sent me a package of cards some time ago through Mrs. Edwards-Cole, of Montreal, Canada, for my Sunday-school children. I thankfully received them, and distributed them to the children. They are very much pleased, and it is a very good means of encouraging them in regularity. I do not know their names. If they are the readers of the 'Messenger,' we pay thanks to them through this letter. Indeed, my children benefited much by the cards. I am afraid that my letter will be too long, so I will close. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

GALANKI SATHANANDHAM.

Connell, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. I go to school and read in the second reader. I know all my tables and work in the arithmetic. Our teacher is a man this term. I have only one brother. He is four years old. His name is Frank. He has long curls. He has a kitten and I have a dog named Jack. One of my grandmas gave me the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present. I like it just as well as I can. I hope I will see this letter in the paper. Mamma says she will have to copy this, or you cannot read it. R. L. S.

Ipswich, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. I am in the fifth grade in Winthrop school. My father is a commercial traveller. He goes to Vermont, New Hampshire, Canada, Connecticut and Massachusetts. I have four brothers but no sisters. I take music lessons. I love music. Every Sunday I read the letters in the paper. Ipswich is a very pretty valley, and also a historical town. A. N.

Dear Sir,—I am sending renewal. A teacher in school here asked a class of boys why they always called a boat she. One said, 'Because it cost so much money to rig it out.' A man met another one frosty day and said, 'How are you?' The other man said: 'You see how I am,' as both heels flew up, and he lay on his back with his feet in the air.

(Unsigned.)

Dartford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from Dartford, I thought I would write one. Dartford is a small place, and it has a grist mill, two blacksmith's shops, a Methodist church, a saw-mill and quite a few dwelling-houses. For pets I have a cat and two kittens, their names being Floss, Frolic and Tige. I am ten years old. I am in the junior third class at school. I think the 'Messenger' is a nice paper. I will try and make my letter as interesting as I can. I have two sisters and one brother, their names being Joseph, Carrie and Jennie. I take up at school, reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography, composition, and writing. We have about two feet of snow. We have had quite a bit of cold weather. Our school teacher's name is Miss C. I think 'Ada's Victory' was a very nice story. Well, as this is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' I guess I will close.

ANNIE V. E. C.

Campbelton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. I have a cat that I call 'Darkey,' and some chickens. We have one cow called 'Boss.' I play with Mary P. and my little sister.

J. GILFORD B.

Diamond, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mamma has taken the 'Messenger' for many years, and papa says he took it when he was a boy. We would not be without it now for a good deal. I live in the Township of Fitzroy, in the County of Carlton, in the Ottawa Valley. This is a lovely country, only it is very cold in winter. We live two miles from Kinburn, a village on the O. A. and P. S. Railway. This is a fine farming and dairying country. We live in a stone house. I have two brothers and two sisters. I go to school every day. I am in the senior third class. I have one pet, it is a pigeon. I call him Tommy. I live on a farm of one hundred and fifty acres. H. J. S.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Mother's Love.

(Dr. M. Victor Staley, in 'Michigan Christian Advocate.')

We see the infant on its mother's breas
Like a young bird within its cosy nest;
Naught knows he of life's rude alarms
While lying in her loving arms;
The troubled clouds of worldly care
Have not yet crossed his brow so fair.
We know not what his future here may be;
The pathway of his life we cannot see.
He may the ladder climb to fame;
The world may execrate his name;
But now he's only mother's boy,
Her brightest hope, her greatest joy.

We see him as he slowly plods to school.
He may become a wise man or a fool;
May shine within the halls of state;
A prison's cell may be his fate;
We cannot tell which it shall be,
For we must wait if we would see.
We see him, as he enter's man's estate,
Select the one he takes to be his mate.
Though now a bearded man full-grown,
With wife and children of his own,
Yet he is still her darling boy,
Her greatest hope, her only joy.
Thus from the lowly cradle unto death,
She'll love and praise him with her latest breath.

Though acts of his may cause her shame,
Yet still will she remain the same;
Though others turn him from the door,
She will but love him all the more,
And try, by love, and prayers, and tears,
To break the bond of misspent years,
And draw him onward up to God,
Ere she is laid beneath the sod;
For he is still her wayward boy,
Her one fond hope, her only joy.

Childless and Fatherless.

While we have much to teach, it may be we have something to learn, in those ancient regions which were the primitive homes of our race. Our missionaries, who carry the light of Christian education into the households of the far East, find among the domestic usages of the people some which deserve consideration for their good results. Among these is the custom of adoption. Childless parents are not merely allowed, but are in some countries required by their religious sentiments, to adopt children, who become in all respects as closely bound to them, in ties of duty and affection, as if they had been the offspring of the adopters.

English law knows nothing of this relation. Yet it may well be admitted that this is a serious deficiency. Much good has been done, we know, by benevolent societies and individuals, who have rescued orphan and deserted children from poverty and misery, and have found comfortable homes for them in Christian households. But a mere apprenticeship, or any other contact, is a poor substitute for that powerful affection which springs up when the natural feelings of parent and child are called forth. The apprentice, or bound servant, however kindly treated, remains a mere social waif, without kindred or home. The adopted child enters the family circle; and the holy and tender sentiments, which the ties of fatherhood, motherhood, and childhood awaken, envelop all within the circle, and make them all happier and better. In those instances which have fallen under our observation where, so far as our law will allow, children have been adopted, the best results have followed. We have one instance in mind of a respectable married couple who, after the loss of an only son, adopted two young orphan children, a boy and a girl, in no way related to them. They were not rich, but were able to give the children a good education, with the same tender care and thoughtful training which they would have given to their own lost child. In their declining years a reverse of fortune fell upon the adoptive parents, and they found a loving welcome and willing support from their children; one of whom was then an eminent clergyman, and the other a happy matron in a pleasant home replete with every comfort. It would seem that while there are, and ever will be, so many childless homes, which would be made cheerful by the presence of children, and so many orphaned littles ones, to whom these homes would bring present safety and future welfare, some method could be devised by which the system of adoption might be made far more general than it is.—'Christian Globe.'

It is Said.

That marble can be washed and cleaned nicely by rubbing with a clean cloth dipped in turpentine. Polish with a clean and perfectly dry cloth.

That when washing colored shirtwaists, etc., do not fail to rinse in salt water. This frequently obviates all 'running' of color. Turn inside out before hanging up to dry.

That the following plan is a good one to freshen stale bread: Dip the loaf, wrapped in a clean cloth, into boiling water and let it remain there for half a minute; then unroll the loaf and bake it in a slow oven for ten minutes.

That when doing plain sewing, if there is a little flour in a saucer and the fingers are dipped in it occasionally, the hands will be kept free from damp and the work be kept beautifully clean. This is really a summer hint, though naturally moist-handed girls may heed the advice at any time.

That hot water is a good thing to use when flowers are drooping in order to freshen them. The stems should be placed in a cup of boiling water and left until every leaf is smoothed out. Then the ends of the stems should be cut off and the flowers placed in lukewarm water.

That sponges cannot be kept perfectly clean unless they are wrung out in clean water as dry as possible after they have been used and then exposed to the air until they are dry. When they get dirty they should be left in strong borax and water or soda and water for some hours and then be squeezed as hard as possible occasionally.

That dish-cloths should be washed thoroughly every morning in hot water, to which a little ammonia or soda has been added, and then be rinsed and hung in the air to get perfectly dry. Two sets should be kept and used on alternate days. In addition to this it is well to rinse them each time after using, and to boil them once a week.—'Canadian Baptist.'

The Woman Who Wants Work.

To one who has been brought up to use hands as well as brain, and to believe in the dignity of honest labor, nothing is more surprising and discouraging than the attitude of the average woman seeking occupation. We all know her and heave a sigh when she comes knocking at our doors for advice and help. She usually wants to do something she doesn't know how to do or that nobody wants her to do. She frequently regards the work you suggest as too difficult or too 'menial.' Hundreds of women desire a position as companion, or helper; they would be willing 'to read aloud, dust, arrange flowers, even take ladies' pet dogs out to walk!' But any intelligent person who reads the advertisements in newspapers must see that where there are scores who desire 'a housekeeper's position in a small family where servants are kept,' there is one such position. The same is true of literary positions, which always seem so attractive to the outsider, and of private secretaryships, than which nothing is more exacting. And the worst of it is not the lack of common sense but the tendency to shirk, to get an easy place, or what seems an easy place, the unwillingness to give honest, hard labor for its equivalent in money. No one can really succeed in life who is 'afraid of work,' and the most important lesson a child can learn, next to faith in God, is that work is honorable and that 'no work is drudgery unless you drudge at it.'—'Congregationalist.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

The Smiles.

If there were smiles for sale
At some market where
The rich, the poor, the low, the high,
Might hurry with their change to buy,
What crowds would gather there!

Yet there are smiles enough,
And each might have his share,
If every man would do or say
One—just one—kind thing every day
To lift some other's care.
—S. E. Kiser, in 'Ballads of Busy Days.'

How to Bring Sleep.

Assume an easy position, with the hands resting over the abdomen. Take a long, slow but easy and natural breath, in such a way as gradually and gently to lift the hands outward by the action of the abdomen. At the same time slowly and gradually open the eyes so that at the end of the inspiration they are wide open and directed upward. Let the breath come out easily and naturally, letting the hands fall inward as the outward pressure of the abdomen is withdrawn At the same time let the eyes drop, and the eyelids naturally fall by their own weight, so that they are closed at the end of the expiration. Do all this quietly and naturally. Do not make too hard work of it.

Repeat the inspiration and expiration, with opening and lifting, dropping and closing of the eyes, ten times. Then take ten breaths in the same way, allowing the eyes to remain closed. Alternate ten breaths with opening and closing of the eyes, and breaths with closed eyes. When the eyelids begin to feel rather heavy, and you feel tired and sleepy, as you will very soon, go through the motions more easily and lazily, until you merely will the motions without making any effort, or hardly any effort, to execute them. At this stage, or more likely in one of the intervals of breathing without any motion of the eyes, you will fall asleep.

Nervous persons will have some difficulty at first in the gradual opening and closing of the eyes. They will tend to fly open, and then snap together. But, as putting salt on a dove's tail is a sure rule for catching the dove, so this gradual and easy opening and closing of the eyes in rhythm, with quiet, natural breathing, when once secured, is almost equivalent to dropping completely off to sleep. This rule induces the respiration that is characteristic of normal sleep. It tires the set of muscles the tiring of which is one of the favorite devices for producing hypnosis. It produces and calls attention to certain sensations in the eyes and eyelids which are the normal precursors of sleep. Finally, persons who have had difficulty in going to sleep, and staying asleep, report that this method puts them to sleep, and puts them back again when they wake up too soon—'Outlook.'

Something Left Undone.

Longfellow has written some very expressive verses with this title, and truly they are verses which commend themselves especially to every mother and housekeeper in the land. For which of us is so favored as to see the sun set on any day of any year in which we can say that all our tasks are accomplished, all our duties performed, and that no spectre of 'something left undone' rises up to confront us?

How often we wake in the morning, calm, confident, capable, yet finding soon that our daily work will not be despatched as it should be, and as we meant it to be. Accidents, unforeseen interruptions, bodily or mental fatigue, the necessities of others—all these hindrances make us feel as the hours drag on that—

'Labor with what zeal we will,
Something yet remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.'

What shall we do, then? Give up in despair? By no means, dear reader. Keep up your courage, do what you can, let no vision of the necessarily unfinished work affright you; but gather up hopefully the loose ends which would otherwise tangle, and remember that perfection and completeness are not to

be found in this world. Remember, too, that very many of the things which you consider essential to to-day's work can just as well wait until to-morrow—indeed, they had far better wait than tax your already overburdened hands.—'Christian Globe.'

He Shall Carry the Lambs in His Bosom.

(M. N. E., in 'Christian Advocate.')

Isa. xl., 11.

The mother's heart is crushed! With anguished cry
She lifts her pallid, quivering face, to peer
Within the vail which shrouds her idol dear;
But faith, thro' blinding tears, can naught descry,
Yet whispers, 'Love divine is ever nigh!'
She wails: 'O pitying Christ, bend low and hear
A mother's moan! In mercy come Thou near,
And speak some word of comfort, or I die!'
The Shepherd lays His wounded hand in balm
Of benediction on the mother's head;
Faith's eyes grow clear, and lo! she sees her dead
Within the Shepherd's arm!—her wee white lamb!
Thus, while on each doth rest each pierced palm,
Death's gulf is spanned, and she is comforted!

A Habit Not Outgrown.

Does it pay to teach children habits of devotion? Let this extract from a private letter, written by a young fellow who is doing brilliant post-graduate work in one of our universities, hearten the parents who may be discouraged or doubtful concerning the expediency of such training. He writes: 'I think what a dear good old mother you are every night when I go to bed, and I've not forgotten the old custom of praying for you. Whether it is psychological or otherwise it is pretty well implanted in me by heredity and custom, and I guess it is a mighty good thing it is!' One such manly testimony outweighs any amount of argument against the worth of prayer.—'Congregationalist.'

Selected Recipes.

Delmonico Potatoes.—Peel and cut cold boiled potatoes quite fine. For each pint take two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of thin cream, one teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. Mix the potatoes and seasoning and spread them in a shallow buttered baking-dish. Pour over the cream, dot thickly with the butter and brown in a quick oven.

Oeufs au Fromage, or Eggs with Cheese.—This forms a simple and tempting dish. Melt some soft cheese in a little butter, and stir in a pinch of bicarbonate of potash. Pour this into the dish which is to come to the table. Carefully drop on the top the required number of eggs, and sprinkle over with a mixture of grated cheese, pepper, and salt. Place in a moderate oven till the eggs are set and the top lightly browned. Garnish with sippets of fried bread or buttered toast, and serve very hot.

Stuffed Spanish Onions.—Peel the onions, cut off a slice around the top, scoop out a portion of the centre, leaving a wall of uniform thickness around the shell. Cover them with boiling water, and let them cook gently about ten minutes, then skim them out and invert them on a dish to drain. Take equal parts of cold boiled chicken, or veal, or calf's liver finely chopped and fresh bread crumbs. Chop the

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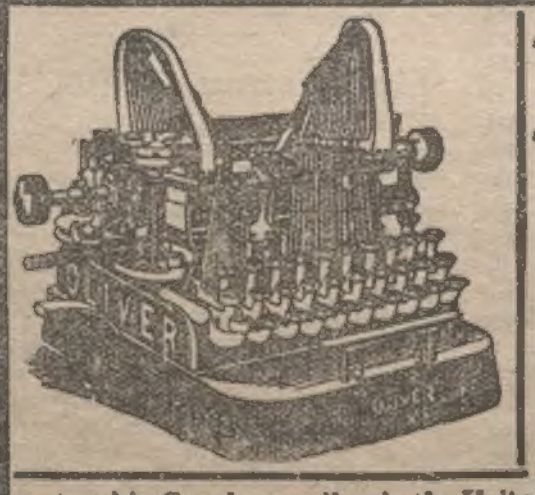

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onion which was removed from the centre, and cook it gently in hot butter, then mix it with the meat and crumbs, add melted butter and a little hot water to moisten, and season with salt and pepper. Fill the onion shells with the mixture, pack it in closely, sprinkle buttered cracker crumbs over the top, and set the shells in a pan. Add about an inch of hot water or stock from the meat used in the filling, cover and cook slowly in the oven until the onions are very tender. It will take about an hour. When tender, remove the cover and let the crumbs brown slightly. Dish them and serve as an entree or course at a luncheon.

Chicken Cheese.—Boil two chickens in merely water enough to make them tender; take them out when done, remove all the bones, mince the meat very fine, season with salt, pepper and butter, and return them to the water in which they were boiled; cook until the liquid is nearly gone, pour into a deep dish, lay a plate over it, put a weight and set away in a cool place. When ready to be eaten cut in slices and it will be as firm as cheese, and is very nice for a Sunday evening tea.

A Garden Suggestion.

One of the best suggestions we have seen for getting early tomatoes, and one that will commend itself for other uses to the thrifty folk who have rich potting soil stored ready for early spring use, comes from 'Country Life in America.' Says the writer:—I sow the seed in shallow boxes of earth, and, as soon as the plants are large enough to handle, a sufficient number of large turnips are scooped clean, filled with rich earth and arranged side by side in boxes, and the spaces between filled in with earth. The tomato plants are then transferred to these unique receptacles and left to grow, which they do with a will. The turnips decay and furnish excellent nourishment for the tomatoes. When danger of frost is past the plants are transplanted in the open ground. By this method I get ripe tomatoes in July, which is from six to eight weeks earlier than the usual time.

An Appreciation.

('Presbyterian College Journal.')

Among our exchanges we have to notice a somewhat unassuming newspaper-like periodical which weekly makes its way to our reading table. But however unassuming in appearance, its title lays claim to a great deal, for it bears on its face in bold black type the name 'World Wide.' This periodical, published by Messrs. John Dougall and Son, proprietors of the Montreal 'Daily and Weekly Witness,' is composed of a collection of material which does not claim to be first-hand. Its purpose is to present in concise and well-arranged form a digest of the leading magazine and newspaper articles which are being produced on two continents and in this respect it must be said 'World Wide' is an unqualified success.

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"THE WATCH IS A DANDY

FREE FREE FREE

And takes the shine wherever it goes." That is what Leo. C. Gavin, Metcombe, Ont., said about his watch, and we have hundreds of other letters from delighted boys who have received handsome watches for selling only 1½ doz. of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, the best in Canada, at **10c.** each. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to-day and we will send the Seeds, postpaid, for you to sell; also 1½ doz. Certificates, each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away free with each package. When sold, return money and we will immediately send you one of the handsomest watches you ever saw—with solid silver nickel case, nicely engraved edge, decorated dial, heavy bevelled crystal hour, minute and seconds hands, and reliable American movement. With care it will last **10 years.** Write to-day sure. **Seed Supply Co.,** D pt. 432 **Toronto.**

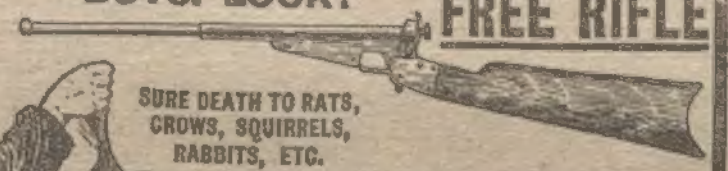
EASY TO GET

This handsome 14k. Gold-finished open face Watch, new 1905 model, stem wind and set, beautifully engraved with latest fancy edge, enamelled dial, French bevelled crystal, hour, minute and seconds hands, and a fine adjusted nickel duplex movement, a splendid timekeeper and as fine a Watch as you ever saw—given away absolutely free for selling only 18 packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. They are the largest and the most beautiful packages ever sold for 10c. You can easily sell the whole eighteen in half an hour, and as soon as you send us the money we will send you this elegant Watch Free. Write to-day and we will send you the seeds. The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 404 Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 414, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speelet, Moose Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 423 Toronto.

VALUABLE RING AND GOLD WATCH FREE

All we ask you to do is to sell 10 of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds, the best in the world. (Every package contains **over 60** of the rarest prettiest, most fragrant, largest flowering varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you this beautiful Ring, finished in 14k. Gold and set with large magnificent Pearls and sparkling imitation Diamonds that can hardly be told from the real stones. If you write at once for the Seeds we will give you an opportunity to get an elegant Gold-finished double Hunting Case Watch, Lady's or Gentleman's size, Free, in addition to the Ring. Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 441 Toronto, Ont**

SEND NO MONEY

If You want this Beautiful WATCH and RING

All you have to do is to sell only 1 of our large, beautifully bound 25c. Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c. each. Each one contains 139 Choice Recipes. Every lady will buy one as soon as she sees them. When sold, return the money and we will promptly send you a lovely Gold finished Pearl and Diamond Ring, any Size. The stones are so beautifully colored, so brilliant and sparkling that they can hardly be told from the real gems. Write for the Cook Books to-day and we will give you an opportunity to get a handsome 14k. Gold finished, beautifully engraved Watch, Lady's or Gent's size free as an extra Prize. **THE MAXWELL CO., Department 461 Toronto.**

GRAND FREE RIFLE OFFER TO BOYS

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts and Kills Rats, Birds, etc., at a Distance of 50 Feet.

We have a large stock of Glass Pens which we want to clear out before spring. That is why we are making the grandest offer ever made. It is this: Any boy who will dispose of only 15 of our Glass Pens at 10c. each, we will give Free a genuine Steel Barrel Hunting or Target Rifle, latest model, all parts interchangeable, provided with pistol grip, true sights, harmless, strong, durable, shoots accurately. Boys have use for such a gun every minute—hunting in the woods, shooting at targets, drilling as soldiers. Send us your name and address to-day and we will mail you the 15 Glass Pens postpaid. You can easily sell them in 10 minutes. They are wonderful Pens, made entirely of glass and write a page with one dip of ink. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you the Rifle just as described.

FREE GRAPHOPHONE OFFER

In order to further stimulate the sale of our Glass Pens we will as long as the stock lasts give a Graphophone and one Record Free to the first boy in every town and village who earns a Rifle. Write to-day and make sure of getting this Extra Prize. **THE PEN CO., DEPT 454 TORONTO, Ontario**

THIS HANDSOME FUR SCARF
Lady's or Girl's Size
Will Be GIVEN FREE

To anyone who will sell only 20 of our

COOK BOOKS
At 10c each.

They are all beautifully printed, hand omely bound in very attractive covers, and each one contains 739 Choice Recipes. Every housekeeper will be glad to buy one. They are fully worth 25c, and we have sold thousands of them at 15c each. At only 10c each you can sell the whole 20 in half an hour.

Send No Money

Simply drop us a card with your name and address, and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. When sold return the money and we will promptly send you this beautiful Fur Scarf, made of rich, fluffy, black Coney fur, over 40 inches long, and 6 inches wide, with 6 large full length brush tails, and a handsome neck chain. The regular price in all fur stores is $3.00, and they fully equal in appearance any $10.00 Fur Scarf. The only reason we can give them away for so little is because we bought the last of a manufacturer's stock at a greatly reduced price. This is a grand chance for any origrl lady to get a handsome stylish fur for the rest of the Winter and next winter as well, without spending one cent.

Address, THE MAXWELL CO.,
Dept. 429, Toronto.

EARN THIS WATCH.

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable American movement, by selling only 18 Glass Pens at 10c each. These wonderful Pens sell like hot cakes everywhere. They are made entirely of glass, never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. Write us to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. THE PEN CO. Dept. 455, Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

We trust you with 10 large packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. They are so large, so beautiful and so cheap that everybody buys. When sold, return the money, and for your trouble we will promptly send you one of these magnificent Diamond Rings, finished in 14k. Gold, and set with large, glittering, imitation Diamonds, so full of fire and so perfectly cut as to puzzle even experts. No other Company ever gave away such valuable Presents for so little. Write to-day, sure, for the Seeds. THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 470 TORONTO

This BIG BEATUY DOLL
"The Princess"
IS
FREE

Just send us your name and address and we will mail you, postpaid, 15 large beautifully colored, fast selling packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package contains the finest mixture in the world, over 60 different varieties, all large flowering, deliciously fragrant, in endless combinations of beautiful colors. Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will promptly send you the largest and most elegantly dressed Doll ever given away by any concern as a premium.

The Princess is a beauty with the prettiest face, long natural curls, completely dressed from head to foot with fancy picture hat, lace trimmed dress, slippers, stockings, underwear and a handsome Gold-finished Locket and Chain. The picture of Dolly does not do her justice, as it is not possible to show up her beauty and elegance in this illustration. However, to see her is to love her, and she is a a big beauty.

Understand, "The Princess" is not a cheap, stuffed rag affair so extensively advertised but a big Beauty Doll, elegantly dressed from top to toe.

CLARIBEL STRONG, Vancouver, B.C., writes: "I received the beautiful Doll you sent me and am more than delighted with it and the other presents too. When I think what a little while it took me to sell the seeds I feel as if they were given to me without doing anything."

MARY GRENIER, Brighton, Ont., writes: "I am more than pleased with the Doll you sent me for selling Sweet Pea Seeds. It is a beauty. The other presents are nice, too, but that is the sweetest little Dollie I ever saw."

WINNIFRED PAYNE, Baddock, C.B., writes: "I thank you ever so much for the beautiful Premiums you sent me. I have tried quite a few companies but you treated me best of all. The Doll is a big beauty, and the other presents are nice, too.

Extra Presents
FREE

If you will write for the Seeds to-day, and will be prompt in selling them and returning the money, we will give you free, in addition to the "Princess" Doll, a beautiful Gold-finished Ring, any size, set with a large Fire Opal, also an opportunity to get the prettiest little Lady's Watch you ever saw. Remember, all you have to do is to sell only 15 packages of our fresh Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each.

Don't miss such a grand chance but write us now.

The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 453 Toronto

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with 10 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at 10c. each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only 10 packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Sproles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 461 Toronto.

GRAPHOPHONE AND WATCH FREE

We Trust You

Write to-day for 12 of our large, beautiful, fast-selling packages of Fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. You can sell them easily in 10 minutes, return the money and we will promptly send you a fine, handsome Boy's Watch, latest model, open face, beautifully polished Solid Silver nickel case, milled edge, rich enamelled dial with Roman figures, fine blue steel hands, heavy crystal, Accurate American Movement, also the Wonder Phonograph and one Comic Record will be included free with the first 12 doz. watches sent out. We just have 12 doz. of these wonderful Phonographs which we bought in Germany at a greatly reduced price. Write us now and make sure of getting this extra Prize in addition to the Watch.

The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 456 **Toronto.**

14K GOLD WATCH FREE

Send us your name and address on a Post Card and we will mail you post-paid 2 doz. large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds,** to sell for us at 10c. a package. **(A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.)** Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. When sold return the money and we will immediately send you this elegant Watch, with heavy Gold laid, beautifully engraved case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished throughout. The movement is an American style, stem wind and set, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it to keep good time. W. Gettingham, Red Deer, Alta., writes: "I am very much pleased with my watch and would not take $5.00 for it." Boys, don't wait, but send us your name and address to-day. You can easily sell the Sweet Pea Packages in half an hour as they are the largest, the best, and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c. **The Seed Supply Co., Dept. 413 Toronto.**

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'